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LINES

ON THE DEATH OF SERGEANT HENRY CLARK,

Of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, N. Y. S. V., who fell at the Battle of Hanover Court House—late of Hose Company No. 15, New York Fire Department.

BY MARY E. KERRIGAN.

It may seem selfish, thus to mourn for one
Among so many patriot-spirits fled;
But, ah! my Muse is ready, and my Lyre strung,
To mourn them all—our brave and loyal dead.
For many an honest hand I've clasped in mine,
That now lies mouldering in a soldier's grave;
But one among them claims my saddest thoughts,
For he was foremost 'mid the young and brave.

True to his God, his country, and his friend,
What more to win a proud and glorious name?
Alas! no humble pen of mine can lend
A greater lustre to so great a fame.
Like many others, he had cast aside
Fond aspirations nursed for many years;
And forth he went in all his manhood's pride,
To join the cause, amid regrets and tears.

And God alone knows of the earnest prayers
The loved ones breathed to guard his precious life;
And how they waited, watched, and in despair,
Heard that he had fallen in the cruel strife.
Now, far from hamlet, cot, or busy town,
He slumbers in his lone but honored grave;
For where he fell his comrades laid him down,
A fitting spot for one who died so brave.

What though the hated foeman treads upon
The turf that covers him; yet some sweet face
May bend in pity o'er our fallen one,
And with a tear bedew his resting-place.
Years will pass away, my dear lost friend,
And precious blood will flow in this sad strife;
And I may live to see the glorious end,
The end so dear to liberty and life.

Ah! then will memory bring thee back to me,
As last I saw thee, in thy youth and pride;
Ready to yield thy heart's-blood in the cause
For which, indeed, thou hast so nobly died.
Thy life, thy death, thy lonely exiled grave,
All will be present in my mind again,
Ond, O! may heaven grant that I may say,
Not one of ye, my braves, have died in vain.

Washington, Feb. 8, 1863.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER XI.

A SHORT BUT VERY IMPORTANT CHAPTER—A NEW YORK BELLE OF TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO—A LOVER WITH SOMETHING MYSTERIOUS ABOUT HIM—A CONFEDERATE AND AN ELOPEMENT—SEEKING THE FUGITIVE—THE PICTURE AT HOME—"HOW LIKE! HOW LIKE!"

Let us turn back twenty-seven years in the huge volume of Time—each leaf counting a year. At the date representing the first of these, a happy and united family was living in New York city; consisting of father, mother, son, and daughter. The daughter was the youngest of the children, and then about twenty-two years of age. A long interval had marked the births of these children—full fourteen years; a circumstance which deepened the feeling of affection in the brother's heart very much indeed. The family was a rich one, and lived in the most fashionable quarter of the city.

The daughter was very beautiful, and it was naturally supposed that she would make a good marriage. It is certain that many gentlemen of wealth and position sought her hand, only, however, to come away disappointed. The fair *belle*, whose loveliness, it was confessed, would have been her sufficient dowry, gave not the slighest encouragement to a single wooer; and it was soon said that she either contemplated a single life, or like the haughty dames of Lyons and Madrid, whom dramatists have selected for their heroines, she was seeking a husband in the royal or noble ranks of Europe.

While yet in the prime blush of her beauty, she attracted the notice of a gentleman, a stranger in the city. About thirty years of age, he presented an agreeable aspect; dressed in the best of styles, lived at the best hotel—in fine, according to every outward sign, he was a gentleman whom the most fastidious of the then *elite* of the metropolis would not have blushed to invite to their saloons. He had traveled much, and spoke several languages; there was beside a little mystery attached to him, which tended to invest him with an extra interest. He had been in New York only a few weeks, when he became an observed man, and he had not given proof of his capacity to spend his money by the thousands of dollars, ere the eyes of scheming mothers, anxious for the advantageous disposal of their daughters, were fixed on him. The name by which this gentleman was known was Frederick Schyler.

Among the families visited by Mr. Schyler, was that to which the handsome young woman (Emily by name) belonged. With every member of it he was a great favorite, and when the day drew near for him to depart, there was unfeigned sorrow in the household. Not to linger too long over a circumstance which must be revealed at some time, this Mr. Schyler succeeded in winning the first, ardent love of Emily, unknown to father, mother, or brother, until the expiration of a long interval. The lovers parted. Schyler, according to his own statement, went to Europe, intending to return to America in six months. Matters in the family of Emily then resumed their old routine. The handsome stranger had left a pleasant impression behind him, and was often spoken of with affection and regret.

It often happens in real life, as it is presented in fiction, that the dearest and most tender secret of a woman's heart is confined to a mere alien in blood and sympathies in preference even to a mother. It was so with the *belle* of New York, Miss Emily. Attached to her household, was a young woman of similar age, and whose duties were those of what is called a lady's maid. To a certain extent she was good looking, although there was something in her countenance which a studied physiognomist would have objected to, and named as a caution to any body inclined to place confidence in her. But Miss Alice had not consulted Lavater, and with her heart full of trust, told this woman all—that she and Mr. Schyler loved each other, and would be married in a short time. Their's was to be a run-away match, for certain reasons urged by Mr. S.; but they would all be explained in a letter left on the morning of elopement, for "father and mother," who would forgive the little offence, and receive their son-in-law to their hearts. Martha, the maid, would accompany her young mistress. So run the programme.

In accordance with these arrangements, Miss Emily took a sudden flight from New York—her lover having returned *in cog*, for the purpose of receiving her. Of course, the ready Martha was with her mistress, and made herself remarkably useful. In few hours the note written and left by Emily, was found and read by her parents. They were astonished and grieved at the contents—more the former than the latter, as they had a strong faith in their daughter's rectitude. That Emily had been foolish, they allowed; that she would be criminal, they never for a moment thought. It was the same with the brother; in a little time the family opinion was confirmed. The play of the "Elopement" had been acted; its sequel would be "All's well, that ends well."

Time went on, but yet no tidings of the run-aways. Where Emily was, or what destiny she was realizing, were profound secrets to those she had left in New York. Very properly and naturally under the circumstances, her parents did their utmost to obtain a clue to her. They inserted notices in the newspapers of both hemispheres, they wrote to their agents and friends in Europe, and even put themselves in communication with the Chiefs of Police, at home and abroad. But, with two exceptions, they found their trouble thrown away. The vague information which they gained was, in the first instance, that a lady and gentleman similar to those described in the father's letter, had been residing in Paris for a short time recently. They could not be the parties inquired for, it was thought, because the gentleman had turned out to be a professional gambler and sharper, and had beat a hasty retreat from the French Capital to escape the consequences of his lawlessness. In the other instance, the intelligence was, that a party of three had been living at Baden in Germany, whence the supposed husband of one of the ladies had departed with the other, leaving his two companions to their own resources. Accordingly, to Baden was a letter despatched, directed to the lady sought. It was never answered, however.

Not many years after these events, the parents of the run-away died—leaving their son, who had already married, and become a father, to forgive and receive his sister, should she ever return to New York. He had hopes that she would, and at intervals, reviewed in his mind the occurrence which had been the cause of, so much trouble and grief to him and those now gone. Otherwise, Mr. Bleackley (for he was the brother) had led a life of uninterrupted happiness. The picture of his lost sister adorned his dressing-room at home. It had often been noticed by Edward, who had been made familiar with the matter of his aunt's elopement.

On a certain day, when the younger Bleackley had returned home at an earlier hour than usual, and seemed not quite so cheerful as it was his wont to be, he looked long and earnestly at the picture of the once fair Emily, and questioned his father about her. Nothing save the old tale could be told in response. At the same time, however, the elder Bleackley could not fail to notice the consciousness of something strange in his son's manner. He questioned him on the subject, but received replies that literally meant nothing. Nevertheless, when left alone, the eyes of Edward wandered again up to the portrait of his aunt, while from his lips came the words:—

"How like! how like!"

CHAPTER XII.

A FAMILY QUARREL—TWO PARTIES—GILES AN ADVOCATE FOR HENRY BENSON AND HIMSELF AS WELL—SOME TALK—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR—MONEY WANTED, BUT NO INCLINATION TO PRODUCE IT—STRIKING A WOMAN—"SHAME!"—MUTTERINGS OF AN OLD BELDAME—WHAT SHE CAN DO FOR JOHN BENSON.

It was evident that, if John Benson had come forth in pursuit of his nephew, he was not actuated by very kindly feelings towards that individual. On entering the house in Church street, the eyes of the old man fell on the ex-sailor, and really glowed as though they would scorch him.

A few minutes elapsed ere John Benson began to talk. Seating himself at a table at no great distance from his relative, he seemed to take a careful survey of the persons present, on whom, in the event of an emergency, he might depend, and who were well disposed towards him. He then opened the flood gates of his resentment on Harry, by violently upbraiding him with ingratitude.

His nephew asked him what he meant.

"I need not go into particulars," replied the elder. "You know what a friend I have been to you—how I took you into our association when—"

"You wanted a clever hand—that is all; neither more nor less, interrupted Henry. "When you wanted a clever hand," he reiterated, mischievously, "you being at that date minus an old associate whom you had been obliged to value, although the over-estimation of anybody is not a good quality of yours; and this old associate grim King Death, being no respecter of persons, had called away. Go on, uncle."

"Then, did I not initiate you into our secrets, and educate you into the trade you were to follow?"

"You did; and have I not turned out an apt scholar?"

"Too apt," observed John Benson; "much too apt. First, in keeping to yourself more than the laws of our association permitted you; secondly, in causing disunion in our gang itself."

"Keeping to myself more than I am entitled to!" exclaimed Henry Benson, methodically, and as though he were going to consider the charges of his uncle in the order in which they were preferred.

"Yes!" burst in upon him the elder, with all his force. "That I have ascertained through one of my men. Perhaps you are acquainted with a Captain Freeman."

"Well acquainted," returned Henry, with consummate nonchalance. "He was my commander in my last voyage—a rough, hard-fisted fellow, as I often received proof while with him at sea. I would that I had him here! I would then wipe off the old score with him!"

"Hear, hear!" roared Giles. "That's the talk! Give us some more of it! Bully boy!"

"Your memory is correct in one thing at least," went on John Benson. "Freeman *was* your captain at sea. What else?"

"To use your own language, uncle, my bird in the panel house, whom I was commissioned to pluck; and did I not perform the operation nicely—say?"

It was evident that the younger Benson was preparing himself for the worst with his relative. Casting his eyes around the room, he saw sufficient to convince him that the quarrel would not be merely between them, the uncle and nephew, but between two divisions of the gang as well. It was impossible to tell exactly how parties were balanced. Henry thought he had the advantage in that respect; yet, he might be deceived. He owned to the probability, and turned towards Giles, whose looks encouraged him.

"Yes!" said John Benson, taking up the thread of Harry's reply; "your bird, which you did pluck, I'll allow; but to twice the extent you reported—of $200, instead of $100."

"How's this?" "A rank swindle!" "Not fit to be one of us any longer!" "Expel him!" and many other exclamations, all of a kindred nature, followed.

"Who was your informant in this case?" queried young Benson.

"One of our gang, as I have already told you," was the rejoinder; "a man in whom I can implicitly rely."

"And how did he ascertain what you state?" asked Henry.

The explanation was soon rendered. The fellow of whom Benson seemed to have so favorable an opinion, while looking about one of the Broadway hotels, in disguise, had overheard a confidential conversation between Freeman and another sea-faring man, in the course of which the former, then half inebriated and very voluble, as he always was on such occasions, gave the particulars of the affair in the panel house.

This revealment, coming quite unexpectedly from the lips of the elder Benson, staggered his nephew for a few moments. He recalled himself, however, and putting the best face he could on the matter, resorted to the special pleading at which he was an adept.

First, he spoke of his newness in the trade when desired to "operate" on Freeman, and the moral right he had to claim a trifle, to spur him on to effective action. "Then," he added, "was not the $100, which I kept back, mine, in recollection of previous ill treatment while at sea? Further; had I not been acquainted with Freeman, as I had been, and so known that he was a moral man, the head of a family, and a member of a religious congregation, how could I have got a cent from him, our plot failing, as it did, and he armed, as he was, while I stood quite defenceless?"

This was the clincher of Henry's argument. It told favorably for him, by enlisting two of his uncle's men on his side.

"Well, well; let that slide, said the elder Benson, after the excitement attendant on his nephew's defence had subsided, and he (John) had witnessed the desertion of his men to the opposite side. "I think it would be best for us to break the gang in two; my friends here (including about a dozen ruffianly-looking fellows at his side) think the same. New York is big enough for both of us."

"Oh! yes, yes! separate, separate! we go with the old man!" exclaimed the partizans of John Benson.

"Silence!"

It was again the powerful voice of Giles that was heard and obeyed.

"What say you to this proposition, boys," asked Harry, turning to the men who evidently favored him.

"Good, good!" they exclaimed, holding up their hands.

"Then choose for your captain," argued Henry.

Almost ere the word was out of his mouth, the stentorian voice of Giles was heard again.

"You, Henry Benson! Hurrah!" and the name and the cheer were both repeated with wild enthusiasm. Scarcely had the uproar subsided, when a new-comer showed in the scene. It was the old woman who had been so kindly cared for by Arabella Davis and Elsie Macpherson. She was scarcely less wretched in appearance now than when first shown to the reader. She was seeking somebody—John Benson.

"Ho, ho! I have found you out at last!" she exclaimed, on catching sight of him. "After hunting for you, up and down, through this large city, I have been so lucky as to drop upon you. Come, my liberal gentleman, give me what is my due. I am poor, you are rich, and have owed me the money for a long time. Give, give, give!"

"What brings you here, hellcat?" was the brutal rejoinder of the elder Benson. He advanced close to the new-comer, and many persons thought he would strike her.

"Oh! you pretend not to know me, do you?" she said "We are no old acquaintances—we who have really known each other for so many years! We have had no transactions either—oh, no! Quite strangers—ha, ha, ha!"

"No more fooling, beldame!" exclaimed John Benson. "Quit the place this moment, or I will have you dragged hence!"

"Will you? and by whom?" asked the old woman, with terrible intensity. "There is not one here who will do your bidding, I think. But perhaps it is the police you allude to. There is a station close at hand, I know; and maybe you intend to have me taken there as a disorderly character, a vagabond, an intruder. The police? ha, ha, ha! I think you have the more need to fear the presence of the police, John Benson, or—"

She approached close to Benson, and muttered something in his ear. It was very brief, a few words, or perhaps a name.

"Shame, shame!"

Such was the exclamation that came from the larger number of persons in that room, when, with one heavy blow, the elder Benson prostrated the old woman, at her extreme length, upon the floor. More than one there, in whom all the attributes of the man had not been wiped out, would have taken vengeance for the deed, had not the perpetrator managed to effect his escape.

To do him justice, Harry was prompt in looking to the suffering female, who, by the aid of some aromatic salts, recovered her senses after an interval.

"The villain!" was her first exclamation on coming to, "Thus to cheat me, and thus to strike me! And all the time I could have him hanged in the yard of the city prison—the murderer! and what is worse, the *murderer of a woman!*"

Henry Benson heeded well these words, and determined to ascertain their full meaning at a proper season and in a proper place.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TABLES TURNING AGAINST THE ELDER BENSON—SOME MORE LIGHT THROWN UPON THE PAST—JANE IN A NEW PLACE—OLD CARRY—AN IMPROVEMENT IN APPEARANCE—THE NEW HOUSE AT WESTCHESTER—HENRY'S SCHEMES—AN INTERVIEW—A SURPRISE—OLD MEMORIES.

By a singular coincidence, Henry Benson, while yet associated with his uncle, and setting himself to the task of fleecing Edward Bleackley, became acquainted with Mortimer Jennings. To so abject a condition had this "friend" of Mrs. Lorrimer willingly fallen, as to lend himself to her every plan in regard to the merchant's son—his implied reward being a restoration to Mrs. L's "favor." Not a syllable was breathed of her "love" for Edward. It was politic that that should be kept entirely in the background. Had it not been, the wily beauty of Broadway would have lost the best card in her pack. By a kind of freemasonry which exists among rogues and other lawless characters, Jennings and Benson soon understood one another, and made a mutual apportionment of their work. Mortimer was to see to the preliminary arrangements—introduce Bleackley to Mrs. Lorrimer (who, it was understood, would look the love she did not feel,) and also to the gaming table, where Henry could "operate." With an egotism which was part and parcel of his nature, the younger Benson, in separating from his uncle, did not scruple in the least at taking to himself the victim, who, according to the mathematics of villainy, belonged equally to each.

On the occasion of Harry's introduction to Mrs. Lorrimer, a strange thought crossed the mind of the latter. Brought there, as he had been, to aid the lady's views on the purse and heart of Edward, the time might come when his services might be required in the consummation of hate and vengeance! Meanwhile, several important events transpired, all of them tending to the climax of our story—a climax which, it will be confessed, was worked out by the simple means Providence always seems to select, notwithstanding the intricacy of the threads to be unravelled.

Quick on the election of Henry Benson to the captaincy of the men who had separated from his uncle, was the election of Giles to the lieutenancy, just as that burly individual had anticipated. Removing his headquarters from Church street to a neighborhood not far off, and equally well known as the resort of the lawless, Henry Benson looked to the discipline of his followers. At the same time he provided himself with a house in Westchester, furnished it handsomely, and placed it under the care of a female—none other than she who had recently sought and met John Benson in the old rendezvous of the whole band!

The ominous mutterings of this woman had awakened the curiosity of Henry. To him it seemed as though she was aware of some deadly act committed by his uncle years ago, and was ready, when the time was ripe, to bring him to condign punishment. "It is well to bear this in mind," mused young Benson, the days whose events are chronicled in the preceding chapter. "Doubtless, he (meaning his uncle) will do his utmost to thwart me in my schemes; and in this case I should always have the advantage of him, did I only know what this old woman knows."

The result was that the confidence of the old woman was thoroughly gained. Smarting under a sense of wrong and bodily injury, it cannot be wondered that the beldame should have revealed all she knew concerning John Benson. When the promise of Henry, that he would look to the future well-being of this miserable creature, is thrown in, no other result than the one mentioned was likely to transpire.

"Yes! as I said; the murder of a woman," exclaimed the hag, known as Old Carry—her proper name being Caroline; "here in this city of New York, twenty years ago. I know all about it—who the victim was, where the deed was done!"

"How? Tell me, Carry, *how* you know all these things?" importuned Henry Benson.

"Not now," was her response, "because you see, I am not quite an innocent witness of the affair, although I never consented to the deed. Robbery was the utmost I thought of, but blood alone could satisfy *him*."

"You have known my uncle a long time," assumed Henry, with the desire of eliciting what he could by indirect means.

"Long! yes," responded Carry; "twenty-seven years."

"First in New York, or at a distance," queried young Benson, carelessly.

"First in New York," the old woman replied.

"Then you have known him elsewhere, as well," went on Henry.

"Of that no matter now," answered Carry, as though she perceived the drift of her companion. "I have told you sufficient for the present; more may follow. But of one thing be certain—that while your uncle knows *I* am with you, he will be utterly powerless to do you harm."

The subject of the conversation was then dropped, and household affairs began to be talked of. The new place recently purchased in Westchester was intended to be the retreat of Henry Benson when "business" did not demand his presence elsewhere. Therefore, he did not require much attendance beyond that which Carry could give. Yet, for the sake of appearances, it was necessary that some other person should be seen about the house. "I have it!" exclaimed Henry, after he had been addling his brains some time. "I will ask the pretty Jane to come here. She seems unhappy where she is, and not to like her present mode of life. Perhaps she would have no objection to become one of my household. There is no fear for her, or for me either, on the score of morality, (Benson emphasised the word contemptuously); I have higher game to seek; any how, Jane is too tame a beauty for me. A good idea i' faith, especially if ——." He suddenly came to a pause, and remained silent for some time. A new thought apparently flashed across his mind; his face flushed, he smiled, and paced the room with slow and measured steps. Presently he resumed:

"I have not thought of that before. Capital. It would certainly be the surest and quickest method of going to business; and when really accomplished, what a triumph, what a happiness for me! But I must have agents, trustworthy, and daring; else, all my labor would be thrown away. Let me consider;" and Henry Benson seated himself in a chair, where he remained for about five minutes in profound communication with himself. "Pshaw! I must not think of too many things at the same time. Most likely the means I desire will present themselves in due season. I will watch for them; should they be very tardy, it will be for me to quicken them. In the meanwhile, to look after Jane."

The person named was sought, and found without much trouble. On the evening of the day following that of her engagement, the girl Jane departed for Westchester. Perhaps, without a few words in explanation, the readiness with which she had accepted Benson's offer will seem at variance with probability. There were two weighty reasons which induced her to the steps she was taking—one, the desire she entertained to be released from her present mode of life; the second, the feeling, or kind of presentiment (for it really amounted to that) with which her mind was often full, that by dwelling under the same roof with Henry Benson, she would have the best opportunity of serving the man for whom she nursed a passion as fervent as it was hopeless.

In preparation for her little journey, poor Jane dressed herself with scrupulous neatness, and looked remarkably pretty. It was a long time since she had visited the neighborhood she then was obliged to pass through, and the various objects on her way were presented to her with something of the charm of novelty attached to them. The weather was very fine, the breeze genial, and multitudes of birds were flying over the glimpses of landscape she caught between New York and Westchester—so helping to lighten her spirits. Leaving the railroad car at New Rochelle, she proceeded to the house where she was thenceforth to reside.

It was a handsome white building of the Corinthian order, and stood in the middle of an extensive plot of ground, shaded in front by a quantity of magnificent elms. A broad path led to the entrance, through which the new comer passed without requiring any body to admit her. While standing in the hall, however, pondering which way to proceed, the opening and shutting of a door up-stairs, grated on her ear. Then it was a footfall descending to the hall, and then the appearance of the housekeeper, Carry.

All had gone on in a regular and quiet manner until now; but it was not to be so to the end, as witness the agitation of the housekeeper.

"That face! that figure! Say, who are you? Whence come you? from the ——."

Jane satisfied the inquirer as to her name, the place whence she had come, and her business in the house. But all the time the eyes of the elder woman were fixed on the younger with a sort of glance which partly, though far from wholly, departed as she was given to understand that Jane was the party of whom Henry Benson had spoken.

"Oh!" said Carry, drawing a long breath, as though relieved from an immense weight; "I see now. This way;" and she indicated one of the parlors. Entering this apartment she bade her companion be seated, while she briefly informed her of the duties expected from her. After this the females separated—Carry going up-stairs again, and Jane descending to the basement, where she was told refreshment awaited her.

But while Jane was enjoying her generous and welcome meal below, Carry was ill at ease above. Rocking herself in a chair, with a hand at her heart, and her brows fearfully contracted, she was pondering over the long ago. The presence of the poor girl from the city had opened the flood gates of memory, and the stream was coming in almost too strongly and swiftly for endurance.—To be continued.

OTHELLO AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

FUN AT THE THEATRE,

BY AN OLD STAGER.

We were making the best of our way between Eastport and Portland, Me., playing at every considerable, and at many inconsiderable villages. Our first *detour* from Moose Island brought us to Lubec, and the drama was never represented before a rougher set of Christians or Pagans than those which our performances drew together. When these raw down-easters became interested in the progress of the play, the expression of their countenances was grotesque in the extreme; and Pope must have caught his idea of the proper study of mankind being Man, while looking through a hole in some stroller's back drop. The play was Othello, and A. Addams (in his younger days) the hero. One huge lumberman, who sat on the front bench, seemed actually to be endeavoring to imitate the agony he saw the Moor display; his soul was in the scene before him. His eyes protruded as though they were starting from his head. Every movement of Othello's body seemed instantly communicated to that of his intense auditor. When Iago had succeeded in thoroughly arousing the jealousy of the General, the lumberman clapped his hands on the knees of his neighbor who sat on either side of him. I expected them to start up from the pondrous blow as his fists descended, but they were too intent upon the scene to notice mere physical objects. Addams gave the lines—

"I'd rather be a toad, and live upon
The vapor of a dungeon, than keep
A corner in the thing I love
For other's uses,"

with tremendous energy, and the enormous lumberman sprang to his feet, bringing his two neighbors with him with a jerk, and shouted with a voice which might have cracked the roof—

"Nor I nyther; by lightnin! I'd go to hell fust, all standin'!"

When the confusion which this unhappy outbreak had partly subsided, and our hero had been admonished to "get down in front," another interruption, growing, it seemed, out of the first, once more made the blank verse halt.

"I say, Zeke," roared the man sitting on the right of our hero, "only look a' here? when you jumped up jist now, by hokey, if you didn't tear my trowsers all to scrimtions!"

Zeke's left-hand neighbor had just made the same discovery, and thus communicated it:

"By thunder, Zeke, fun's fun; but I don't stand this! All the while that black feller was a screechin' out, I didn't say nothin' about your diggin' your fingers clean into the muscles of my leg; I shall be lame for a month! But what I do purtest agin is the way you've slivered up my Sunday pants! How am I to hide the fracter?"

"Oh, shet up!" said Zeke angrily; "you're stoppin' the show. Look there, now! them folks is standin' stock still, starin' at you. Go on, showman; never mind these fellers with their trousers."

The play drew towards its conclusion, and when Desdemona was smothered, Zeke seemed to undergo a similar strangulation. He assured Othello, in short sentences, that she was innocent, and if he killed her he would be sorry for it, &c., &c., and when at length the Moor discovers the treachery of Iago, Zeke shouted in triumph—

"There, you timber-headed nigger! aint I been telling you so all along?"

At this moment a light breeze filled the stage, and all eyes were directed to the spot where Zeke, on entering, had placed his large straw hat, viz., on the floor a few inches from the end of the footlights. A crowd of boys had chosen the same lowly position, the foremost of whom had been insensibly wriggling his body towards the stage, pushing the hat before him, until it fairly came in contact with the lights, and caught. From its freedom in burning, it must have been saturated with some resinous gum—probably to make it impervious to the rain—and this was rendered certain by the black smoke and pitchy odor which it emitted when Zeke whirled it round his head, with a view to extinguish the flames. The fire increased rapidly. Zeke seemed for a moment at a loss how to save his property; but it was only for a moment, for to the utter astonishment of "Othello and the rest," he strode over the footlights—onto the stage—and dividing the characters with his long arms, stalked to the bedside of the gentle Desdemona, and seized the only article of bed gear that covered her, a sheet! he then rolled it round his burning hat, and instantly smothered the flame; then slowly untwining it, he held it black and smouldering before him, throwing the soiled linen back to the body of her who was then indeed "paler than her sheet." Zeke turned his crisped chapeau in every direction, as if contemplating the damage it had sustained, and exclaimed—

"Well, if this aint the all-firedest place I ever did get into!"

One of his companions called out—

"Come away, Zeke, it's a sham! I seed that woman kind o' kick when you pulled the sheet off on her."

"Well," replied Zeke, "I know it. She's as sham; but this hat aint no sham. There; there's a great chunk tumbled off the rim already. I say, fellers, that hand-bill says there's more to come after this. If they begin by burnin' up a feller's hat, they may come some ugly caper over us, and call it a sham. I'm off, as the cat fish said when his gills broke."

The enlightened trio burst through the crowd, and forced their way into the street, amid shouts of laughter, in which the interrupted actors now heartily joined.

THE DEBUT.

BY A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

I remember one day being accosted by a journeyman carpenter whom I had known for several years, and who begged me to procure him an engagement with Mr. Wood, Manager of the Chestnut street Theatre, Philadelphia. Having the implements of his trade in his hands, I of course thought he expected the situation of head carpenter. I told him I would make the inquiry of Mr. W., and if the situation was vacant, I had no doubt but that it could be obtained for him. The following dialogue took place:

Author—Do you understand the business as connected with the theatre?

Carpenter—I flatter myself I could walk the boards.

Author—Work them you mean? Mr. Wood, however, would prefer one accustomed to the duties.

Carpenter—I am not a novice, sir, and feel confident of success.

Author—Oh! then you do know something of the business?

Carpenter—In course I does; I was once with Mestayer.

Author—Well, I will see the Manager, and as he is getting up Marmion he may employ you.

Carpenter—It is a character I have not studied.

Author—What have you to do with character? The procuring of scenery and properties are the duties of the Stage Manager, and he will furnish you the plans.

Carpenter—The part is one of a minor consideration, and as I only wish for two nights—

Author—Two nights? I cannot perceive the necessity of speaking to the Manager upon the subject, it can be of no advantage to either party.

Carpenter—That is as it may turn out.

[Drawing himself up in tragic style.]

Author—If you wish to engage for the season, I will speak for you, otherwise—

Carpenter—What! as a stock actor? never.

Author—Why, you don't mean to say that you want to play?

Carpenter—I wish, sir, to make my DE-BUT in Rolla.

I was silenced instanter.

LICENTIOUSNESS OF POMPEII.—The discovery of Pompeii has been worth thousands of sermons as a vindication of the reforms worked by Christianity. Had it not been for the paintings that still survive on the walls of exhumed dwellings, the moderns would have no adequate conception of the immorality of the ancients. All that Tacitus has written of the licentiousness of the Roman Emperors, fail to make an impression equal to that produced by these indecencies. For that an idle, luxurious and despotic monarch should violate every law, human and divine, seems not impossible; but that private citizens should imitate their example, surpasses belief, which is proved by the walls of Pompeii. On these walls of dwellings, the walls of the common sitting-room, the walls which husband and wife, mother and daughter gazed on in company, are seen paintings which would disgrace the vilest bagnio. The universality of these pictures prove that it was not a few dissolute young men who thus covered the walls of their rooms, but that fathers of families, citizens of the highest rank, and even grave senators, were equally guilty. How gross and corrupt must that state of society have been in which licentiousness not only shook off all decorum, but sat in the very domestic circle itself.

"FELLERS."—A young lady in one of our rural districts was once escorted home from an evening party by a young man to whom she was not particularly partial. On taking his leave he remarked, "I'll come and see you again next Sunday night." "Well Bill Smith," replied the lady, "you can come as a friend, but not as a feller." Bill didn't go either way.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PLING, Philadelphia.—1. A drawing-room is a room appropriated for the reception of company. 2. An heir-loom is, according to English law, an article of furniture, movable or personal chattels, which by law descends to the heir with the house or freehold property. 3. The word "thud" is not found in Webster, but is frequently used to describe the sound of a blow, struck at or into some yielding substance, or the falling of an object into the same. As an illustration. If you were to strike a smart blow at a suspended bag filled with sawdust, a fighting reporter would describe the sound emitted, as a dull heavy "thud;" or, if you were to fall from an eminence into a sand or mud heap; or, if you were to be hung, one of our sensation dailies would very likely use the same term in describing your "fetch-up." Just you try now, and see if what we say isn't true.

WAVERLY PLACE.—"Four persons play Euchre, two against two; one of the parties agreed to play his hand of five cards alone, in order to make four points; whereupon, one of the opposite party declared to play alone against him. The first party made three tricks, and claimed four points, but the second party would allow him but one point. The first party claims four points by virtue of the second party having agreed to play him for four points. Please decide how many points the first player is entitled to."..... He is entitled to one point only; had he secured all five tricks he would have been entitled to four; had the second player made three or five tricks, he could only score two points for the euchre.

CONSTANT READER.—"Four persons are playing Euchre. It is turned down, and A makes the trump, and goes alone. B goes alone against him, makes three tricks, and claims four times. A refuses to give him more than two. Please decide how many B is entitled to."..... He is entitled to two points only; his going alone amounts to nothing; for he merely euchres A, and scores two points for so doing.

A. T., Fo'keepsie, N. Y.—Goldthwaite, the famous young billiard player, was twenty-one on the 12th of the present month, and first saw a billiard table about six years since, at Rutland, Vermont, but it is only about two years since that the title of Professor could be very appropriately applied to him. His progress in the game has been remarkable, and a bright future is in store for him if he minds his P's and Q's.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—Don't bother yourself about articles in that paper. The sheet has no influence, and its mess of stuff only creates ridicule at the expense of the writers and the paper itself. The people have already discovered its real motives and character. You will, therefore, excuse us for omitting your communication.

LENGTHY, New York.—"A and B play cribbage. A plays a king, B a six, A a four, B a tray, A a deuce, B an ace, and A a five. How many holes does A take for his last play, and does the six count in the last routine for A or not?"..... The six counts in the last sequence, and A is entitled to eight points in all—six for the sequence, and two for "31."

J. St, Elizabeth.—It would take up altogether too much time to find out whether E. B. challenged P. C. Even if he did, and no fight ensued it, it is not important enough to warrant the search. Any body can issue a challenge now-a-days, but it's very seldom money goes with it.

LITTLE MAC, Peekskill, N. Y.—"A bets B, that in the fight between Hyer's father and Beasley, Hyer won the fight. Who wins?"..... B wins. The fight between Jacob Hyer and Tom Beasley was won by the latter. Hyer retired from the ring with a broken arm.

G. S., Po'keepsie.—Dutchman's three miles in 7:32½ under saddle has not been beaten. Flora Temple was backed to beat the above time on September 27, 1860, for $1000, in three trials, which she failed to do, 7:33½ being the nearest she could come to it.

S. CORRY, San Francisco.—Your letter dated Jan. 19th, did not reach us until after our issue of Feb. 21st had been put to press. The main points of the news were anticipated by letters previously received.

D. B.—This correspondent, in alluding to Tom Thumb's recent marriage, says he has a biography of Stratton, in which his birth day is set down as the 11th of January, 1832, which would make him 31 years old.

WILLIE H., Philadelphia.—If you have a good voice, you might get a chance to begin with some opera company, in the chorus. Look over our record of amusements, and you may see something that might suggest something to your liking.

E. E., Media, Pa.—Our impression is, that the party referred to is the one you are in quest of. A line addressed to him will put you on the right track at once.

STAMWOOD, Cincinnati.—1. The last report we had, left him in Texas. 2. We have to curtail all our correspondence, as you will see by running your eyes over our various departments.

JAKE, Springfield, O.—We cannot vouch for the honesty of all who advertise in our columns. Will call their attention to the matter, however.

LEFT FIELD, New York.—The Association of Junior Base Ball Players did not regularly convene last season, from want of a quorum.

GALENA.—"Was Tom Thumb ever married before his recent marriage to Miss Warren?"..... Not to our knowledge; if he had been, it must have been on the sly.

YOUNG SPORT, Columbus, O.—1. Without names, the report would not be of interest to our readers. 2. We have not a copy of the rules, they not having been published in pamphlet form.

H. C. M., Lexington, Ky.—Address one of the commission agencies advertised in our columns. Our time is too much taken up to attend to outside business of that nature.

RUBE, Washington, D. C.—1. It was Com. Foote, we believe, who showed with Nixon's Circus, in your city. 2. Com. Foote is smaller than either of those you mention.

P. C. S., N. Y.—1. Mrs. John Wood was born in England. 2. Mr. John Wood is in the land of the living—in California. 3. He is a comedian.

G. S. P., Bridgeport.—We have sufficient in the story line to last us until our prize stories commence.

R. C., Philadelphia.—1. We have been unable to procure a copy of those rules. 2. Your suggestion will receive attention.

SERGEANT, Charlestown, Mass.—Mr. Forrest was once engaged with a circus out west, and performed both as tumbler and rider.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—"The American Angler's Guide," at Appleton's, price $1.50, will possibly meet your requirements.

THE OLD MAN'S SON, Toronto.—1. Couldn't say where that Davis is. 2. A practical printer.

J. D., Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md.—We have no reliable data by which to decide your query.

G. O. M.—The passage to California is very high just now, $125 being about the lowest figure.

CONSTANT READER.—California is right in playing vingt-un. The bets are made before looking at the cards.

OCTAVIAN, N. Y.—Apply to the Burton Dramatic Association, at Military Hall, in the Bowery.

CONSTANT READER.—The Persia, Cunard steamer, 9 days, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

FRIEND, Boston.—Send your letter to our care for Mr. Heenan, and we will see that it goes straight.

S. C., Ionia, Mich.—Several of the advertisers in our columns could supply you.

TOM THUMB'S WEDDING.—Respectfully declined.

W., Chicago.—Tom Sayers is not an Irishman.

A. B. C., Boston.—Write to the *Police Gazette*.

JACK PERCY.—Your sketch will appear in our next.

SUBSCRIBER, Penn Yann.—That was "before our time."

H. J. S., Chicago.—We know not.

"A BIG THING ON SNYDER" came off at Cooper Institute on the 12th inst., in the shape of an oration on the State of the Union. Although furnished with tickets for reserved seats, for which we are grateful, we were unable to be present; but some of those who were, pronounce it emphatically "a big thing on Snyder." Mr. G. H. Snyder, the orator of the evening, is attached to the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois, and is said to possess the "gift of gab" to a wonderful extent. He repeats his oration in other places. An oration on the state of the States out of the Union would take, and would convince our people that the Union is worth fighting for, Illinois copperheads to the contrary notwithstanding.

GOOD.—A series of lectures are being given in aid of the association for securing by legislative action, homes for the children of deceased soldiers, to secure scholarships, "patriot orphan fund," etc. The second one of the series, by Oscanyan, the well-known Turkish chess player and Eastern scholar, of this city, was given at the Cooper Institute, on the evening of the 19th inst. "The Women of Turkey," was well attended, and, we are pleased to say, resulted in replenishing the exchequer of the association to the extent of its greatest expectations.

SLEIGH RIDE.—Gay times have been experienced all day by the lovers of a sleigh ride, and the price of hacks has been high to-day, (Monday,) and all sorts of conveyances have been made to do severe duty. This, to some, unaccustomed mode of travel has been brought about by a severe snow storm of several hours duration, and travel has been to a great extent confined, except on "runners."

"LITTLE MAC" AND GEN. HOOKER.—Gen. Hooker, now in command of our forces in Virginia, appears to be working with a will to get the army into good fighting order, as it was before the recent disastrous battle of Fredericksburg. Gen. Hooker is truly a "fighting man," as all his movements have hitherto demonstrated. He has been connected with the army now under his command ever since its formation; he has grown up with it, as it were, and ought to be cognizant of the military skill and courage of its officers, and of the qualities of the men under those officers. If he is let alone, we have confidence in Gen. Hooker's ability to enter Richmond in triumph; but we have not much faith in Halleck: he does not seem to comprehend the situation; or, if comprehending it, he is not equal to the task of successfully mastering it. With Gen. McClellan in the war department, and Gen. Hooker to take the field in the advance to the rebel capital, we should entertain no fear of the result. Both generals have been tried, and their loyalty thoroughly tested. What reverses they have met with, have been traced to political influences at Washington, and not to any fault of their's. The appointment of Gen. McClellan as Secretary of War, would cause a shout of exultation throughout the North, cement the somewhat disarranged condition of our forces, and bring about a "vigorous prosecution of the war," in earnest. President Lincoln can regain the confidence of the people by placing Gen. McClellan in the war department, and permitting Gen. Hooker to move on without the usual impediment. By such a programme, the North can be made the unit it was before political hucksters took the reins of government. Let the friends of McClellan and Hooker agitate this reformatory movement, and we may see the last of the rebellion before the autumn sets in.

PIGEON SHOOTS.—There has been quite a number of pigeon shooting matches this winter; more, in fact, than we are accustomed to in a short season. We trust they are all on the square, and not arranged to entrap outside betters. Some of our sharp shooters are sharp in other matters beside handling the trigger, and crack shots have it in their power to crack a man's purse without his understanding how the thing is done. Let the outside world use a little caution in these days of sharp shooting and other sharp practices.

THE DEATH OF SERGEANT HENRY CLARK.—On another page of this issue, we publish, at the request of a loyal CLIPPER man, an affecting poem, in memory of the above named heroic fireman and gallant defender of the Union, by Mary E. Kerrigan. The talented lady gives expression to a supplication in the closing lines of the last stanzas, that we hope will be echoed by every reader of the same.

A NICE JOB.—The following advertisement we copy, verbatim, from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, of Feb. 16:—

WANTED—Two boys who can Milk, six good tidy girls; best places. 246 Spruce.

"WANTS TO SHOOT HIM."—It will be seen by a challenge from John Cornell, published in this issue, that he would like to shoot John Taylor of Jersey City, a match at pigeons. Will Mr. Taylor "clothes" the bargain, or acknowledge the corn?

THE BIG SNOW STORM on Sunday played hob with Monday's mails, which came in late as a general thing, and in some cases, doubtless, failed to connect altogether. This will account for the non-appearance of some of our correspondents' favors, as Monday is the day on which we go to press.

CROWDED OUT.—The proceedings at Jack Bath's farewell benefit; and Joe Coburn's exhibition in Philadelphia. They will appear next week.

ANOTHER BILLIARD MATINEE.—Another convention of the leading billiard players occurred on the evening of the 18th inst., the locality being this time at Kilduff's Columbian Rooms, No. 946 Broadway. The first game of 500 points was between Messrs. Goldthwaite and Phelan, in which the former again made some of his astonishing counts, and finally won by 254 points. On his 18th turn, he ran just 100 in exactly three minutes—quick as well as good work indeed. This was followed by a run of 88 by Phelan, in which some very beautiful shots were made. The lookers-on manifested their appreciation of the skill of both by frequent applause. The second bout, of 500 points, was between Messrs. Deery and Kavanagh, and resulted in a very close contest, the honors being about equally divided, both in skilful execution and high counts. Kavanagh won by 52 points.

The third event, of 300 points, was in interest, *the* event of the evening, the two Dahlgrens, Messrs. Kavanagh and Goldthwaite, being the contestants, and it is almost needless to add, that in an instant after their names had been heralded in connection, they were the observed of all observers, and not a few bets were made. Neither man counted at his first attempt, but Kavanagh soon got his hand in, and cantered away at a lively pace, and at his 19th turn at the cue made the winning shot, defeating his opponent about two to one. At the close of this game, the probabilities of the twain being matched were pretty freely canvassed, but as yet, we believe, nothing definite has transpired. We hope, however, they will not let the iron get cold before they declare their intentions. Kavanagh has the privilege of the next say, and we doubt not he will be heard from in due time. Killduff knows how to kill his friends and patrons with kindness, and spread himself on the evening in question, by spreading a very tempting spread of "cold wittles," and keeping up a copious flow of light and heavy wet that was truly good to take. "He *can* keep a hotel," *he* can, and we say it without fear of truthful contradiction. Scores crowded out till next week.

COCK FIGHT BETWEEN NEW YORK AND TROY FOR $500 A SIDE.—FRANK QUEEN—Dear Sir:—The big "rooster" dispute for one thousand dollars came off last night at ——well, where they are always held. Nine o'clock found your correspondent at the scene of action, also a crowd of New York and Troy sports, waiting for the show to commence. Betting on the main from $20 to $400 were numerous, all bets finding a taker. The pit is about 10x12 feet, covered with three or four inches of tan bark. The room (hardly large enough) seated about two hundred, and every inch of seat was covered. At 10 P. M. tickets for the Minstrels (how are you, Minstrels?) began to sell at one dollar. The main was fought according to the Troy rules. The cocks were all hackled and thirteen pairs were found to fall within weight, *i. e.*, 4lbs. 4oz. for light, and 5lbs. 8oz. for heavy. On getting seated, bets of from one to fifty dollars on the first match were offered and always accepted, odds being on New York. I presume five thousand dollars of old Abe's greenbacks changed owners during the main. For about thirty minutes jokes and greetings were passed, such as "How are you, old man?" "Hello, old Creamy Tartar," &c. One "fel" from Albany, "wid his canteen" full of the critter, was cussin' and discussin' the character of 'Old Calico" (Calicot), and expressed a desire to swab out his gun with "Croton ile." At 10½ o'clock they commenced biz. A brace of cocks were brought in, and a hard-fought battle followed, resulting in favor of New York. In the second match, New York dropped his cock, picked him up again, and Troy claimed the match, which, after some discussion, was "allowed." The match was pluckily fought, but finally resulted in favor of New York. I will not undertake to give the result of each match; suffice it to say, that after about ten matches of the main, New York had her quota, and was declared winner; after which, single matches were fought until 8 o'clock this morning. I doubt if pluckier or more gamey fights are often seen. As a general thing, the New York cocks were the strongest, though one Troy rooster fought and won two matches. The best of feeling prevailed. Three or four cocks were killed in the pit. I noticed in the crowd some high officials, but mention no names; though I am under many obligations to the proprietors of the match, for the shanghaie courtesies extended to your correspondent.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 20. NED NUTTING.

POULTRY ENCOUNTER AT AUBURN, N. Y.—A main of seven battles came off there on the 17th inst., between Auburn and Syracuse, Auburn winning four out of five battles fought. Afterwards, the Syracusians, thinking discretion the better part of valor, started for home without fighting the two last battles, saving them for another contest. It was not stated what stock of fowls was fought by Syracuse, but they were thought to be Trojans. The Auburn fowls were home bred, from the Albany Stony stock, than which few better exist for fighting qualities and blood. The first battle was won by Auburn—a grey cock, 4 lbs., against a Syracuse grey cock, the same weight. Both birds fought hard. 2d battle.—An Auburn brown red, 4 lbs. 4 oz., against a grey. The battle was well contested, Auburn winning. 3d battle.—Auburn grey spangle against a brown red, and after a long race and much counting, the spangled came off victorious. 4th battle.—An Auburn black grey and a Syracuse light grey, each weighing 4 lbs. 6 oz., Syracuse winning, after a long fight. 5th battle.—An Auburn spangled grey stag, weighing 4 lbs. 6 oz., against a brown red cock, weighing 4 lbs. 12 oz. This was the best battle of the main, the stag coming off victorious after a long fight. Betting ran high, Auburn backing their fowl by offers from 2 to 1, 5 to 2, and 25 to 2, $100 being offered on the Auburn cocks, but without takers. Nearly all bets, however, were even. The best of good feeling prevailed throughout.

THE GIRARD BILLIARD ROOMS, Washington, D. C., are to be opened this week. Mr. Phelan, with other celebrities, will be on hand, and it is probable that the return match between Messrs. Goldthwaite and Victor Estephe will then be played.

THE RING.

JACK BATH AND NOBBY CLARKE BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA.—As we foreshadowed a monthago, Ould Jack (next to the late Barney Ford, the handsomest man in the country) took his departure in the steamer Champion on Saturday, the 21st. Jack paid us a farewell visit on that morning, and presented our Cabin Boy with his belt and colors, which are handsome, indeed. It appears that when Little Billy Clarke (then in Boston) saw our notice that Bath was going, he immediately set his house in order, arrived here on Friday, and sailed on Saturday. This is but one example of the confidence the boys have in our paper. Billy made no inquiries, nor nothing, but came on direct. A select party, not quite so numerous as went to see the Gem and the Captain off, were down on the pier, comprising Jimmy Elliott, Barney Aaron, Bill Tovee, Phil Hargrave, Sam May, Dick Hollywood, Mike Dorsey, and others. There was considerable hilarity about Jack; out of deviltry, he took down the deer's head that used to hang over the door of 25 East Houston street, now kept by Billy Sargent, and was just in the act of presenting it to a person, when "splash" went the darned thing into the river, setting the boys roaring. Jack's vehement gestures and pantomimic motion only added fuel to the flame, and when he sang out in his dulcet tones, "What are you all laffin' at? Why don't some on yer fish it out?" even the gruff old captain couldn't restrain himself. There was an indomitable genius, however, bound to have a try for it, who eventually recovered the deer's head at the risk of being drowned half a dozen times—it was nobody else but our old friend, Bill Tovee, and now he says it will be just the thing for his house when he opens. All right, Marster. We did think Jimmy Elliott and Barney Aaron were going, too, for they had considerable difficulty in getting off the steamer, and only got ashore by jumping into a boat after the Champion had let go her hawser. The young giant is still anxious to try his luck in the golden country, and so is Pete Gallagher, the champion ten-pin player, but whether they'll go or not we are not prepared to say. With Bath and Clarke's arrival out there, New York will be pretty well represented—thre are Izzy Lazarus's three sons, Harry, Johnny, and Izzy; Tim McCarty, Bill Clarke, Pete Dailey, John Burns, Harry Gribbin, Billy Meehan, and a dozen or so more, all from our city. Some may stay for a year or two, others we expect to see home again when the excitement of the Daley and Lazarus match has subsided, unless another big fight is got up right afterwards. Take notice if it won't be just as we say.

ANOTHER DISPUTED FIGHT.—It seems almost impossible to get off a prize fight in this country without a wrangle or row. A meeting took place in the neighborhood of Pottsville, Pa., on the 9th inst., between Ben. Griffith, and Richard Morgan, for $100 a side. In the first round, Morgan led off, and after some exchanges, Griffith was struck down. In the second round, Griffith got in a well-delivered blow, drawing first blood, and both went down together. The fight seems to have gone on fairly enough till towards the close, when the referee cautioned Morgan against foul proceedings; this caution does not appear to have been paid much attention to by Morgan, for on the last round, it is alleged that Morgan struck his antagonist while the latter was on the ground, and the referee at once declared the match in favor of Griffith in consequence of a foul blow on the part of Morgan. We have received letters from both parties, Griffith claiming the money, and Morgan requesting us to retain the stakes until further advised. Upon referring to the articles of agreement, we find that the stakeholder is authorised to give up the money to the winner, on receiving the decision of the referee. We have received no notification from the referee, but on the receipt of that official's decision, it will be the duty of the stakeholder to hand over the money to the winner, after he has been fully secured against any claim which may be made by the losing man. Morgan says he is ready and willing to double the stakes, and fight Griffith again at his own time. It is not likely that Griffith will accede to such a proposition, having the decision of the referee already in his favor. The referee was selected by both parties, and his decision is final. If Morgan is dissatisfied, perhaps his opponent will agree to a fresh match after the stakes in the first one shall have been delivered to him. We are sick of wrangles and objections to the decisions of referees. Should the stakes, as proposed by Morgan, be doubled, and another fight take place, what guarantee would Griffith have that the referee's fiat would not again be disputed, in case Morgan lost? In making a match, the rules must be conformed to throughout, and a referee's decision must be abided by.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE AT WASHINGTON.—"Chanticleer," writing to us from Washington, Feb. 14, gives the following description of a hog-fight between Walker, of Georgetown, and Scott, of Virginia:—"Last Tuesday, we had a smashing good fight of its kind, although I regret to say that it was of the rough-and-tumble description. There were a good number of sports to witness the encounter, amongst whom were Jim Turner, George Finegan, Dr. Hayden, Harry Ford, Cap Wallace, Nick Langham, John Miles, and the Ciceronean gladiator, Ned Price, who exhausted all his persuasive eloquence in trying to induce the men to fight a decent fight. Their combat lasted some sixteen minutes, was mostly with the fists, and the blows were given in such a trip-hammer style and a certain degree of science, that the boys were absolutely astonished, and deeply regretted it was not on the square. The smallest of the two (Scott) got the lion's share of the hitting till towards the latter end of the fight, when, as if by a miracle, he turned Turk on his opponent, and in less time than it takes me to write it, he beat Walker almost into a cocked hat—in fact, he beat him till he couldn't stand, but had to be carried from the ground. The losing man shed bitter tears at his defeat, and has since challenged the victor to fight again, according to the rules of the P. R., for from $100 to £300 a side. If it comes off, you may depend I shall be there to see it, and report the result."

SPARRING IN HARTFORD.—Joe Coburn's brother Jim, had a capital benefit last Monday, the 16th, at Hartford, Conn. Hughey McGinley, of Hartford, vs Palmer, of Plainville; Jim Divin, of New York, vs Bill Warburton, of London; Jim Coburn vs Professor Willis, not "N. P.," you know; and Claffey vs a lieutenant of the army—were the principal boxers, although several minor affairs were pulled through. The spar between Jim Coburn and the Professor proved that Jimmy deserved the highfalutin handle to his name more than Willis. Ain't this Professor business kinder "played?" We think so, anyhow. It's all well enough when a man's engaged at a gymnasium, but "Lor' me!" how funny it looks strung on to the end of an old pug. Imagine calling Jimmy Carroll or the Careless Boy, Professors—eh, what? It makes us "larf" to think of it. Divin and Warburton was another good thing—ding-dong fashion. We are told Jim Coburn and Jim Divin are going to give a series of exhibitions down East.

STRATEGIC MOVEMENTS OF JIM HUGHES.—A correspondent in Washington has seen Jim out that way, and he thus describes Mr. Hughes's latest movements, as well as the "situation." He says:—"James Hughes is here, and looks well. He went on a grand reconnoitering expedition to the front on the 12th inst., and was soon surrounded by the sacred mud of Virginia, but succeeded in making a masterly retreat back to Washington next day, his intrepid courage and military knowledge enabling him to arrive with all his baggage and provisions safe." Jim Hughes probably understands as much "strategy" as any man of his size and circumstances in the country. All right, my covey!

TOMMY MEAKIN AND HIS BROOKLYN FRIENDS.—We are glad to learn that this "Knight of the Cleaver" is up for a sparring exhibition shortly, and from the looks of things, it promises to be a ripper. All the boss butchers are to turn out, it is said, to see whether Tommy is good enough to back against another rooster. We might tell whether he is good enough or not, but would rather they should see for themselves. Meakin's benefit is fixed to come off on next Tuesday, March 3d, at Phœnix Hall, No. 193 Court street, Brooklyn.

CHARLEY OTTIGNON AND HIS PROTEGES STORM YONKERS.—The genial and round Professor, accompanied by Jack Curry, Mike Dorsey, Dick Hollywood, and one or two others, made a flying visit to Yonkers on Wednesday, 18th inst., got out bills and tickets the same day, and at night had one of the biggest exhibitions ever held there. Bully work! These men of weight in the community often prove themselves spryer than those with scarcely corporation enough to swear by. Dorsey and "Holly" were invited to go up and take one together. When "Richard's himself again," and Michael gets his rib mended, we guess they'll go.

JOHNNY LAZARUS'S BENEFIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.—One of the greatest assemblages ever packed inside a house, greeted Johnny on the 18th ult., the occasion of his first benefit in California. Tim Macarthy and the beneficiaire gave the wind-up, and those who witnessed it say they never saw a better set-to since the gold-diggings were discovered.

A BIG THING!—IZZY LAZARUS AND THE BOSTONIANS.—"Father Lazarus," as he is respectfully called, has received several letters from Corinthian gentlemen in Boston, coaxing him to pay a visit to that city. "Father" has the matter under consideration, and most likely will go on there next week.

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS!—So we should think, by the reception Mr. S. D. Kehoe (the Indian club and dumb-bell man) and ex-Councilman Jimmy Burns (of Central Hall, Grand street) got at every stopping place between here and Buffalo, from which place they have just returned. They had a capital time among the Buffaloes. Mr. Kehoe presented one of his model clubs, with a fine portrait of John C. Heenan painted upon it, to a prominent railroad man in Buffalo; and the ex-Councilman was equally liberal with a frame and twenty portraits of Dan Bryant in his different characters, which were donated to the same gentleman. Messrs. Burns and Kehoe desire us to express their gratitude to those who so contributed to their comfort and enjoyment the short time they spent with the Buffaloes.

MATCH DANCE BETWEEN TIM HAYES AND M. JEAN ST. GEORGE.—A trial of skill with the feet, came off recently at Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Va., between those noted dancers, said to be for $200. The managers of Liberty Hall having been applied to by the friends of both parties to allow the use of the stage of the hall for the trial, they consented. Mr. St. George danced what is termed in Canada the French dance, and all his steps were beautifully executed. Tim Hayes danced a straight jig in his usual inimitable style, and was decided winner of the stakes, receiving the money from Mr. Donaldson in presence of the audience, which was numerous and appeared quite satisfied with the decision of the judges. Mr. Hayes' backer announced from the stage that he would match him against any man in the country, in a clog dance, for $1000 a side.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Carey's Irish Minstrels, a recent organization, were to have sailed from England, on the 9th inst., for America. They are said to be engaged by a Mr. J. Fox, to perform in this country.

Tom Sayers continues to play the clown at the Royal Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. He also performs with the low comedy mules. This sort of ring business suits Tom rather better than the other.

"Ivanhoe," which has had a successful run at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, was to be succeeded by "Cinderella," also of the burlesque order.

"My Knuckleduster" is the title of a new farce produced at the Strand, London.

Miss Ettie Henderson was announced to appear in a new drama, at the Standard Theatre, London. Miss Ettie appears to have made a very favorable impression in the provincial towns.

A new Scotch drama, "Bonnie Dundee," written by Mr. Edmund Falconer, was in preparation at Drury-lane, London. Extensive scenic effects were being prepared for it.

Geo. Jordan has been engaged by Mr. Fechter for his Lyceum, London. George has been out of a job for some time.

The late afflicting accident by fire to some of the ballet girls at the Princess' Theatre, London, resulted in the death of Miss Smith, on the 28th ult. She was terribly burned, her features, charred to positive blackness, being scarcely distinguishable. Miss Hunt (Mrs. Perkins) was still suffering, but it was thought she would recover. Measures are *now* being taken to guard against similar accidents in future.

There was some talk of building a new theatre at Birkenhead. Mr. Henderson, of the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, offers to lease the house for a number of years.

The son of Professor Anderson was giving entertainments in Belfast.

Mrs. Macready was announced to give one of her readings in Dublin, on the 2d inst.

G. V. Brooke and Avonia Jones were advertised to appear at the Theatre Royal, Leeds.

Dave Wambold and Mert Sexton are still traveling with Collins' Christy Minstrels. They were last in Manchester. The boys do not care to come home until "this cruel war is over."

Charles Mathews is going it alone in his "At Home" entertainments. Mrs. Charles has been left "at home" to prepare, probably, some domestic entertainments.

Leotard, the great "trapezeist," appears this month at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Ettie Henderson's engagement at Southampton has been renewed. She appeared in Fanchon, Lady of Lyons, and Uncle Tom's Cabin, and was each evening honored with a call.

Two "Negro delineators from Yankeeland," Messrs. Fox and Smith, are announced as the latest new importations at the Surrey Music Hall, Sheffield. They keep on manufacturing "real live Yankees" with astonishing rapidity in England. They turn out Yankee performers over there just as fast as they are needed; in fact, a little faster.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul attract crowded houses wherever they appear. They were at Wakefield on the 22d ult.

"American Casino" is the name of a music hall now in operation in Heckmondwiche. Jonas Fox is the proprietor.

Olmar, the great gymnast, who has been performing such marvelous feats at the Alhambra, London, was about to return to Paris.

M. Jullien, son of the late popular conductor of concerts, had revived the promenade concert feature at the Argyle Rooms, London.

A new drama by Leicester Buckingham; a new burlesque on "The Duke's Motto;" and an adaptation of "Lady Audley's Secret," are to be brought out in quick succession at the St. James's, London.

"The Shadow of the Earth," a new drama by Mr. George Bolton, was performed for the first time at the Victoria, London, on Jan. 26.

At the Theatre Francais, Paris, a young actress, Mdlle. Marie Lloyd, has made a successful *debut* as Celimene, in "The Misanthrope."

Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Copeland, the wife of the well-known Lessee and Manager of the Theatre Royal and Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, and sister of the late Douglas Jerrold, died on Jan. 24, at her residence in Liverpool. At an early period of her life she came upon the stage, where she represented for some time the leading parts in tragedy and comedy at the principal provincial theatres. Her last appearance in London was in 1851, when her husband was Lessee of the Strand Theatre.

The success attending Blondin's "farewell performances" in London had induced the rope walker to give a series of *extra* farewell appearances, to terminate Jan. 31, on which occasion Madame Blondin was to sing a song, and Mr. Coward was to be carried across the rope by the intrepid "ascensionist."

Marsh's Lyceum, Melbourne, where Marsh's Juveniles have been performing a long time, is said to have closed, with the insolvency of Mr. Marsh.

Their Spanish Majesties, accompanied by two Bavarian Princes, recently attended the performance of Rigoletto, at the Teatro Real, Madrid, and complimented Madame de la Grange. Verdi, the composer, was present on the occasion, and was thrice called before the curtain at the end of the second act. Verdi's new opera, "The Force of Destiny," was soon to be produced there.

Signora Patti has accepted an engagement in Vienna, and it was stated that she would soon leave Paris.

Sandy McLeod (Alexander,) stage carpenter at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, died on the 17th ult., aged 52.

The Aztec children, in connection with other curiosities, continued to attract large audiences at Brighton.

Died, on the 19th ult., at Dublin, Mr. H. Connell, proprietor and manager of the Monster Saloon, Dublin. He was in his 46th year.

Here's a case of amalgamation. At the Museum Concert Hall, Bolton, Eng., a Mr. Bennett, a "real gentleman of color," had made his appearance, in company with a young lady who has to black up with burnt cork to match her partner.

Burnell Runnells and son are performing at Bell's Hippodrome, Liverpool. Mr. Alfred Moffat was also exhibiting his trained elephants there.

Miss Emma Stanley was in Manchester and Bath at latest advices.

An African Opera Troupe appeared at a music hall in Manchester, but they "got the goose" and broke up. Warden was among the crowd. He was re-organizing the concern.

Frank Barry, American rider and vaulter, was engaged at Sanger's Circus, Sheffield.

Barry Sullivan had been doing a fair business at Sydney, New South Wales. He had finished his engagement there, and, we believe, gone to Melbourne.

PIGEON SHOOTING CHALLENGE—JOHN CORNELL to JOHN TAYLOR.—I will shoot a match at pigeons with Mr. John Taylor, for $500 a side, at 100 birds each, from a ground trap, 21 yards rise, 75 yards fall, load 1⅛ oz. shot, to find and trap birds for each other or find a substitute; the match to come off at Camac's Ground, Philadelphia, Taylor to have $25 to come to Philadelphia to shoot. Mr. Wm. Carson, corner of Second and South streets, has been agreed upon by myself and Mr Taylor as stake-holder. There are $100 put up in Mr. Carson's hands as forfeit. Mr. Taylor can name the day of shooting, in the first or second week in March. Come along, John, and don't back down, don't.

Port Richmond, Pa., Feb. 16. JOHN CORNELL.

TRAP SHOOTING.—Miles Johnston and John Cornell are to shoot a match in Philadelphia, on the 24th inst., for $250 a side, at fifty birds each. The trial is to come off at Camac's Woods. A few days since, Cornell and Carson shot a match against Johnston and the Jersey Boy, which was won by the two latter, who killed all their birds, 15 each. Cornell killed 13 straight birds, and would not shoot at his two last, as Carson had missed three.

COCKING CHALLENGE ANSWERED.—Mr. Mulholland of this city, in answer to that gentleman in Canada who challenged to fight a main, says that he (Mulholland) will allow $50 for expenses and half the receipts to have it fought here, for $500 the main, and $50 each battle, to show 15 cocks from 4lbs. 4oz. to 5lbs. 6oz. By depositing half the main stakes with the CLIPPER, a match can be made.

NOTICE—NOTICE.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, February 23, 1863.

The season of Lent, which commenced on Wednesday, Feb. 18, has not yet made any serious inroads upon the receipts at our places of amusement, although a falling off in business is generally looked for during the "forty days and forty nights" which go to make up the sum total of the "Lenten term." Grace church is the only place that has felt the pressure. The audiences were not so large there last week as that gathering which assembled on the 10th inst., to view the performances prepared for "that day only" by the immaculate Barnum, under the auspices of the manager of the house where the entertainment was given. The other places have done as well as usual, barring the evenings when the weather was unpropitious. We don't know how the season of fasting will effect the "presentation" policy this year. Silver, gold, and the "riches of the Golcondas" are scarce, yet we know there are many "ladies and gentlemen of respectability in the profession" who would give every dollar they are worth toward a "testimonial" for themselves. A gold watch, a service of silver, a diamond bracelet, anything of this sort at once sets the surprised recipient upon his or her feet, and they can travel on this totally "unlooked-for gift" for the rest of their days, and refer to the presentation occasion as "the happiest moment of their lives," for ever after. For a short time, "presentations" showed a downward tendency; now they are coming into fashion again, notwithstanding gold and precious stones are nearly double the value they were a few years ago. Some of these gifts are so *very* unexpected, that the receivers are oftentimes "taken short" for a speech, being totally overcome by the kind considerations of their many friends, and unable to find words sufficient to express their gratitude, and all that sort of thing. As many of these presentation testimonials are made to do duty over and over again, we dont see why there should be any objection to a set speech of thanks, ready for delivery at any moment, however unprepared the receiver may be. We do not mind assisting our friends in the emergency, and hereby note down for their study a few words of thanks, *et-cetera*. Presentations are kept so very quiet in these latter days, that no one has the slightest idea of what is going on until he or she finds a big washbowl and pitcher thrust under their very noses, or a massive gold watch dangling from their necks. In such a moment I but ask that you'll remember" the words the CLIPPER has so kindly and disinterestedly prepared for such an embarrassing, though happy occasion. Place yourself in a somewhat awkward position, as if you really *were* surprised and taken aback, and repeat the following tender and affecting "lines" in a feeling and impressive manner:—"Gentlemen—Words are too feeble to express how deeply and truly impressed I am with the weight of your unlooked-for and valuable gift. What have I done to deserve this precious testimonial? Your applause is all the reward I ask for the poor amusement I may have afforded you by the exercise of my fertile genius. Great men of other days have been placed in equally embarrassing circumstances, by similar tokens of appreciation of their efforts. Why then should *I* fail to respond to the flattering remarks which have accompanied your gift, which gift possesses a higher value in the estimation of your humble servant than that which attaches to the mere gold and silver of which it is composed. No! Base born, indeed, must that man be who 'seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth,' without a single thought of those kind friends he has left behind. I am almost overcome by the unlooked-for gems which I now see before me. To say that I am *not* surprised, would be to utter a foul and damning lie. No! 'Truth crushed to earth will rise again, and error die amid her worshippers.' Permit me, without any further preface or flourish, to add, in all the sincerity of my heart, yea, of my heart of hearts, that I thank you—deeply, truly, fondly thank you—and that you may ever reap a rich reward for the kindness you have on all occasions displayed in everything that pertains to my interest, is the heartfelt and sincere desire of the undersigned. Ar! how truly was it remarked by the great poet—'Put money in thy purse'—but what, I ask you, is money compared to these gifts of priceless value which you have done me the honor to bestow upon yours truly this evening? Ar! 'Who steals my purse steals trash,' but he who robs me of these things, 'makes me poor indeed.' Gentlemen, excuse me, if, in the exuberance of my feelings, the silent tear should course adown my furrowed cheek; but there are moments when the tinsel show of every day life gives place to the stern realities of our human nature, and the fountains of our youth gush out in sweeping torrents. Language is inadequate to convey to you the emotions which agitate my throbbing bosom. I will, on the war, and say—the spirit, indeed, of a 'vigor- let me share! Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye.'" We think this will about meet the unlooked-for crisis, and enable the receiver of the things to get out of the difficulty with flying colors. We charge nothing for this neat little speech; the gratitude of a "discriminating and appreciative audience" is all the reward we ask, and that, your kind patronage tells us we have.

Nix come Rouse. To make matters right, we have to state, that Mr. Rouse's, nix come, at Morrisania, alluded to in our last, was not that gentleman's fault. He had, against his inclination, agreed to appear, and would have done so, but was informed, at the ninth hour, that Mr. Fitzgerald, who was on hand, and legs too, of the most enormous dimensions, had been substituted for him. Fitz was quite funny, and pleased the feminines "muchly," many of whom had never seen such a large made man. Fitz, in stage dress, appeared to be about a seven footer, and such propellers,—well, he seemed as though he was well nigh split up to his arm-pits.

Help a poor wounded soldier (J. W. Byrnes), by purchasing some of his card photographs, advertised in these columns.

Max Maretzek and his company from Havana are to try their fortunes at the Academy next week, commencing on Monday evening, March 2d. Max has gone through a mountain of vicissitudes and misfortunes since he first touched these shores, in the fall of 1848, and took his first lesson in catering for the "dear public" at the ill-fated Astor Opera House, under the general direction of the unfortunate E. P. Fry, who had the temerity to pick up a fight with the editor of the *Herald*. Max has been ruined a number of times, but we always find him turning up again, ambitious to ruin himself just once more for the sake of the codfishy lovers of Italian opera, and ye admirers of ye lyric drama generally. Max has probably seen more ups and downs in the operatic business than "any other man," not excepting managers of burnt cork opera; and *they* in most cases, have a pretty hard road to hoe. He has seen *prime donne* bloom and wither in the same year; he has witnessed the rise and fall of many a delicate tenor; and has been in at the death of some of the most profound and robust bassos. He has been the innocent cause of operatic disturbances, and has, by his soothing influences, harmonized ye conflicting and quarrelsome elements which do most predominate in the musical world. Strange that discord reigns where harmony should ever hold its sway. Max's experience in his first season of management in America, left him in debt only a little more than $3,000, and this was actually said to be the first *successful* season in New York for twenty-five years. He was so delighted with the result that he entered upon a second season. The house had lost *caste* in consequence of the Macready riot, yet Max went to work in earnest to overcome the "debilitating effects" of a shooting match at the Opera House; but he had the humbug of Barnum and the genius of Jenny Lind to buck against. Jenny arrived here in September, 1850, and Maretzek's second "successful season" was to commence in October, same year. Barnum knew all the ropes—Max was comparatively a stranger to the mixed "customs of the country;" but he watched the wire-pulling as performed by the great showman, and he determined to profit by it. He engaged Parodi, and while Barnum was writing up "the Lind," Max was working up the immense actress and lyric artist, Teresa Parodi. It was life or death with Max. He had the Opera House on his hands, and a debt still hanging over him from his first successful season. Barnum was working like a beaver—Jenny Lind was everywhere the talk; Max followed in Barnum's wake, and made a reputation for his songstress, and actually created a sensation. This is the way he did it:—He dispatched a friend to the office of an influential New-York daily on the sly; the friend gave out to the ever-open ear of the editor, that Max was ruined; that the Duke of Devonshire had offered his hand and fortune to Parodi, and she had consented to accept. All this was told in confidence to the editor, who promised to keep the matter secret. The next morning the whole story appeared in the paper alluded to, illustrated and embellished in the most ludicrous manner; the next day, the story was copied into the other dailies, and in the course of a few weeks the "sell" had traveled all over the country, and everybody was anxious to see and hear a real live "Dukess." That did the business—Parodi opened to a crowded house, carried through the season triumphantly, and enabled Max to give three seasons in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and pay the debts incurred in the first season. Humbug succeeded where real merit had previously failed. Since then, Max has had all sorts of opposition; he was opposed by Niblo and a company at the Garden, but Max drove off the concern, and "perished in the attempt," having lost all he had previously made. Niblo showed and sang his people on the half shell, or 50 cents system; Max had to "come down" likewise; every night the Astor Place shanty was filled, and Max lost $400 each performance; but he used up Niblo's party, and that was some satisfaction. Max has been the rounds since then, dropping in here, concertising there, and operating where the prospects looked in the least favorable; he has been through Mexico, and now comes from Havana to try the temper of the Metropolitans once more. His forces arrived here on the 20th, from Havana.

We are glad to have the new operatic spectacle, "Satanella," at Niblo's Garden, this evening, February 23d, introducing to our notice, in a fresh *role*, the charming vocalist, Miss Caroline Richings, and her well-skilled father, Peter Richings. Every preparation has been made to place this new piece before the public in the most magnificent style; and to add to the interest, engagements have been made with the great danseuse, Galetti, and also with the celebrated Mons. and Mad. Marzetti, M'lle Katrin, and a full *ballet corps*, under the direction of Signor Ronzani. The great success which attended Mr. and Miss Richings in their previous engagements at Niblo's, will be repeated on the present occasion. Almost every one has heard of Balfe's "Satanella," and all will now have an opportunity to witness its performance, this being its first representation in this city.

Joseph Proctor resumes his acquaintance with the New York public this evening, Feb. 23d, at the Old Bowery Theatre, G. L. Fox hauling off in the meantime.

On Saturday evening, 21st inst., Miss Bateman closed one of the most successful engagements she has performed in this city. She opened in her new drama of "Leah the Forsaken," and has not found it necessary to take it off the bills during the whole five weeks of her engagement at Niblo's Garden.

The arrival of Samuel Emery is announced. He is advertised as the "principal comedian of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, Haymarket, Adelphi, and Lyceum; Her Majesty's Private Theatricals at Windsor Castle," etc. An actor who has filled such positions in such theatres, ought not to be long without a chance to display his abilities in this country.

Edwin Booth, who has been playing at the Winter Garden for the past two weeks, has been obliged to suspend his performances in consequence of the death of his wife in Philadelphia, on the 21st inst. It is a sad blow to the actor. It may have been noticed by those who attended his performances last week, that he did not act with his usual spirit. The knowledge that his wife was ill, saddened the young actor's heart, and caused him at times to almost forget the scenes in which he was engaged. With a "heart bowed down by weight of woe," still must the poor player enact his mimic part, and "seem to feel the thing he is not." Owing to the absence of Mr. Booth, on account of the above stated bereavement, Miss Mary Provost comes to the rescue at the Winter Garden, appearing this evening (Monday) in "Ingomar," as Parthenia, the Greek Maiden, supported by Mr. L. Barrett.

Geo. C. Boniface had a glorious reception at the New Bowery last week, and played with more than usual ability. He has appeared in a new drama, by J. F. Poole, called "Edgeworth Bess, or Jack and his Bride," being yet another episode in the history of the notorious Jack Sheppard. No matter in what shape you may dish him up, Jack is always popular on the east side of the town, and at no theatre can Sheppard be better served than at the New Bowery. The principal characters were by G. C. Boniface, J. W. Lingard (who is great in Blueskin), and Mrs. W. G. Jones. Other novelties are in preparation here, the manager being determined to give good performances for the liberal patronage he has met with since he assumed the sole management.

Benefits are in progress at Wallack's. Mrs. Hoey led off on the 17th, Mr. Fisher followed on the 21st, and Mary Gannon is "up" for a "ben." on the 24th. The manager can better spare nights in Lent than at any other time, so he gives his people the benefit of the season.

The seventh anniversary of Bryants troupe as a minstrel organization, will be celebrated this evening, Feb. 23d, and a great bill of fare is offered for the amusement of their friends. The Bryant brothers have been fortuntae since they first blacked up on their own hook in this city of New York. Probably greater success, in the same space of time, was never achieved by any similar company. The death of poor Jerry Bryant was a sad blow to the company as well as to the public, for he was, beyond question, a comedian of rare abilities, whose place will probably never be filled; but the business has not been affected by his decease.

"The New Idea." Such is the title of a new place of amusement about to be opened in this city by Messrs. Fox & Curran. The place selected for the "New Idea" is Wallack's old theatre, one of the cosiest little theatrical establishments on Broadway. The entertainments are to be of a varied character, and first class talent will be engaged. Among those who are spoken of as likely to be secured for the new place, is Madame Anna Bishop, who has always been a favorite in this city. It is probable, too, that Galetti, Velarde, and the great *ballet* master, Ronzani, will appear here. It is not to be a music hall, as previously stated, but an establishment where ladies can attend as in the palmy days when Wallack held the reins. The house is to be improved in various ways. The performances will comprise the ballet, minstrelsy, and light entertainments. A well-drilled orchestra of fifteen instruments will perform, and the minstrel band will comprise fourteen members. Arrangements are being made to secure first class talent, and the probability is, that an efficient company will inaugurate the opening, which, if possible, will take place on the 9th of March.

The elephants, the Japanese pigs, the lions, and the many other "beasts of prey" continue to be visited by citizens as well as strangers, and the Menagerie under Mr. Lent's management thrives with all other places of amusement. The wonderful performances by the elephants are a marvel which must be seen more than once to be properly appreciated. How such immense bodies can be taught to accomplish such extraordinary feats, is what we cannot understand.

"The Fair One With the Golden Locks" showed much improvement last week, at Laura Keene's; but Mrs. John Wood still carries the weight of the piece upon her shoulders, although she has a giant to assist her. Without Mrs. Wood, the piece would lose what interest it possesses—for she gives vitality to everything around her, and carries along the play from beginning to end. The "Fair One" will be repeated until further notice.

Carlotta Patti announces her "farewell performance, prior to her departure for Europe;" it will be given on the 28th, at Irving Hall.

It is mentioned that Laura Keene has salted down seven thousand dollars in a house in Bond street. Bully for her. We always *did* say she was a great actress; so we do not wish it to be understood that we only go in for her now that she owns a house.

Mrs. Maggie Haight will give a concert at Niblo's Saloon, on the 4th, assisted by Mrs. L. James, of Boston. Let us all try to give the ladies a lift.

We are pleased to learn that steps are being taken towards having the remains of Mr. Wm. F. Gates (a popular comedian of the Old Bowery [illegible] from their present resting place, and, if possible, interred in the burying-ground of the American Dramatic Fund. At present, they lie in a vault in Sullivan-street Church, situated between Amity and Bleecker streets. "Little Gates," as he was happily termed, was in his time the most attractive comedian of the day, everywhere a favorite, whether on or off the mimic stage. His funeral, which took place from his residence in Walker street some twenty years ago, is spoken of as the greatest concourse ever assembled of our leading citizens and the dramatic profession, and the re-interment will call back all the pleasant reminiscences connected with Little Gates' career. Many a stout heart will also melt and feel sad, and there will be wet eyes among his old comrades, intermingled with thoughts of the happy hours spent in his company. Mr. Gates died in 1843, but there are those, then mere boys, who keep his memory ever fresh in their hearts, and do *not* forget the "poor player." Mr. Frank Chanfrau is the leading spirit in this noble work, and those of Mr. Gates' old friends who may have a desire to help along the good cause, will doubtless confer with the gentleman at the head of this highly meritorious and commendable movement. 'Tis a noble undertaking, and deserves success.

The Canterbury Concert Hall, in the Chinese Buildings on Broadway, is about to be re-opened, we are informed, providing it can be obtained on satisfactory terms.

Signor Chiriska, said to be some on the slack wire, challenges "any other man" to compete with him. See Conner's advertisment in this issue.

The highly accomplished Miss Mary Provost appears at the Winter Garden this week, commencing as Parthenia, the Greek Maiden, in "Ingomar"; and as Nell Gwynne, the Actress, in "The King's Rival." As her reputation for the rendition of these characters is immense, all New York will be anxious to see the lady, and judge for themselves. Don't put your visit off, for her stay there cannot be long, owing to other engagements previously entered into.

Miss Laura Keene's lease of the theatre named after her, expires in the fall, we understand. It has been purchased by Mr. John Duff, of dining saloon notoriety. He will find catering for the head a different thing to catering for the stomach, should he take it into his head to play manager.

Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann, the German tragedian, is to play one month at the new theatre, Philadelphia, and six weeks at Niblo's, in this city, he having entered into an engagement with Mr. Wheatley to that effect.

No depreciation of sterling ability at Wood's Minstrels, nor is there likely to be so long as the proprietor, Mr. Henry Wood, keeps adding novelty after novelty every week. Happy Uncle Tom (Frank Brower) is once more at his posish, and all the gentlemen and ladies' favorites remain "as they were," headed by the indefatigable Cool White.

You may have often drank the contents of a champagne basket, but did you ever try to get into one, "body and bones?" Just try it once, and see whether it is as easy as it looks. To learn, though, you should go to 444 and see Monteverde go through *his* capers and contortions. He does so many wondrous tricks, we wouldn't attempt to describe them. Then there's Silas Baldwin, the Indian Juggler and Equilibrist—he's another of "them fellers" one cannot understand. Add to these all the other talent, some hundred all told, and no wonder American Music Hall is filled every night.

Tony Denier's first benefit, on Friday evening, 27th, at the New Bowery, promises to "take 'em all down." The company play five pieces, viz., "Edgeworth Bess," "Maniac Lover," "Magic Flute," "Gustavus III," and the "Sky Rockets." "Gustavus the Third" is a new thing altogether, of Tony's own composition, and very rich. It is not Sam Glenn's old piece of Richard the Third in Dutch, but a pantomime introducing a three-legged wonder in his feats Miraculum. Not content with all this, Tony has been guaranteed the services of Mr. James Melville, the world-renowned bare-back rider, from the Brooklyn Arena, and his three wonderful Australian children, who will go through their classic exercises; the Delevanta Brothers, aerial gymnasts; and the Foster brothers, pantomimists. The most amusing feature of all, we have no doubt, will be the "Tripes Miraculum." How *are* you, Tripes? See Tony's card in another column.

We hope the inauspicious weather did not interfere with the Sunday evening concert, given by Mr. Joseph Noll, at the German Opera, 485 Broadway.

Father Reed's Old Folks are to give a concert in ancient costume at the Fiftieth street Church, Feb. 23.

Mr. George Lea, of Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, was in town last week, and reports prosperous times in that establishment. As will be seen by his advertisement elsewhere, the following named first-class artists are under written engagements to him, to whom managers desiring their services should apply:—Signor Bliss, John Mulligan, Andrew Leavitt, Miss Jennie Engle, and Billy Cavanagh.

Geo. T. Sheldon, an Academy of Music man, seems to have got into a peck of trouble with Oakey Hall, and a "gay game of cards" has commenced. It is alleged that Mr. Sheldon, with malicious intent, attempted to defraud, etc.; but Mr. Sheldon, for J. G. Shepard, the treasurer, denies the soft impeachment. We shall find out what's trumps in a day or two, probably.

Mr. Chanfrau, the popular American comedian, "and all that sort of thing, you know," has secured the exclusive right and title to Charles Gaylor's successful play of "Our American Cousin at Home," and soon spreads himself therein as Lord Dunweawy and his Bwothah Sam. "That's the idea."

J. C. Foster, with his troupe of star pantomimists, is prepared to negotiate with managers for the production of original and brilliant spectacles, pantomimes, etc. See his advertisement in these columns.

DRAMATIC.

The Theatre at Cairo, Ill., closed on the 11th inst., with a benefit for Thos. H. Holland. The contemplated trip to Peoria is abandoned by the management, we understand, and they expected to open on the 18th inst. with something novel, and some new faces are expected.

Matt. Canning is in Washington, disengaged.

A very large audience—probably the largest since the opening—assembled at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, Feb. 16th, to witness Mr. Forrest in the "Broker of Bogota." The performance gave much satisfaction, and everything passed off very creditably. There is one thing calculated to operate against the success of this house, and that is the price of admission to the parquet, and to secured seats in the dress circle, viz.: 75 cents. Time was, when 75 cents was the ruling price at most of our theatres; but now 50 cents is the standard rate at our first class houses, and when the price goes beyond that, the theatre that demands such higher rate is termed an aristocratic house, which does it more harm than good, for the aristocrats do not, alone, support any place. Neither of the other houses in Philadelphia charge more than 50 cents entrance fee, and the consequence is, that they draw away a good deal of custom which might be given the new theatre were the prices the same. Mr. Wheatley should reduce the tariff if he desires to make the new house a popular place of resort.

Adah Isaacs Menken is in the second week of her second engagement this season at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, where she is as popular as ever, and drawing splendid houses. This house has been well conducted this season, and has done a good business. For more than ten years this establishment had been under the public yoke. Nearly all who undertook to manage the place, wound themselves up, and the theatre at the same time. In September last, Geo. Kunkel, the present manager, leased the house, and has not only redeemed the building from its bad name, but even made it a place of resort for the lovers of the legitimate drama. For nearly one hundred nights the equestrian drama achieved a glorious success there. Adah Isaacs Menken, on her first engagement there, a few months since, filled the house nightly, and terminated her performances in the midst of her triumphs. Mr. Miles succeeded Miss Menken, performing to fine business for several weeks, and now the Baltimore favorite—Miss Menken—is repeating her former success. Mr. Kunkel is deserving of much praise for improving the character of the house, and for giving a series of performances worthy of the Baltimore public; and we are glad to know that his efforts are so well appreciated.

The Buffalo Theatre closed on Monday, the 16th, with a complimentary benefit to Mr. H. T. Meech.

"Les Miserables," as adapted for the stage by the Hon. Judge Carter, was duly produced at Pike's, Cincinnati, but, like all versions of this work, it dragged its slow length along to the fatigue of both players and audience. On the first representation, it was within ten minutes of one o'clock "next morning" when the curtain dropped on the last scene. It was subsequently cut down, until it finished by 11 o'clock the "same evening." It occupied the theatre during the past week, drawing moderate houses. So says our correspondent, "Stanwood," who also speaks well of Mr. Nickinson's performance of the old Bishop, etc.

Cubas, the actress of fair proportions and pantomimic excellence, will give the lively city of Chicago a series of her attractive performances this week, opening at McVicker's on the 23d. Cubas will set some of 'em wild out there.

Miss Matilda Heron had a deserving welcome at the Holliday, Baltimore, last week, where she opened on the 16th for one week only. During the week she introduced her version of "East Lynne." This week, Miss Lucille Western will produce her dramatization of the same work, appearing on the 23d, 25th, 27th and 28th. Miss Heron commences an engagement at the Boston Museum on the 23d. With Miss Heron at the Museum, and Maggie Mitchell at the Howard, there will be strong inducement for the ladies to turn out, and weep over the misfortunes of Lady Isabel, and rejoice in the well-doing of the glorious little Cricket.

Mrs. Cecile Rush, supported by Mr. E. D. Chaplin, rushed in at Wood's, Cincinnati, on the 16th, opening as Bianca, to Mr. Chaplin's Fazio. There was a pretty smart attendance. Our correspondent, "Stanwood," seems to be greatly pleased with her. He says she is a good reader, and gives evidence of possessing considerable dramatic talent. She afterward appeared in Peg Woffington. On the 18th, a new domestic drama entitled "Ida Lee," was produced for the first time. We have not heard how it was received.

J. S. Clarke will put in for a share of Uncle Abe's greenbacks at the city where they are published, this week, following Maggie Mitchell at the Washington Theatre, and making his bow "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Representatives" on the 23d. John will have a fine opportunity to satirize "the black deeds of the nation."

Mr. Mordaunt's benefit on the 16th inst., at the Pittsburgh Theatre was a very fine affair. The pieces were "Damon and Pythias" and a new play, entitled a "Life's Revenge." Mrs. Mordaunt, [illegible] in the above pieces, [illegible] all her friends by the talent she displayed on the occasion. From first to last, her voice was clear and distinctly heard in all parts of the house. In consequence of the impression made by "Life's Revenge" it was repeated on the next night, and was well received. Wednesday night the theatre was closed for a dress rehearsal of the "Seven Sisters," which was brought out in magnificent style on Thursday. Manager Henderson deserves credit for the liberality displayed in getting it up. The last scene, according to "Bill Board," is truly splendid. No small part of the entertainment is "Little Lizzie" as Cupid. When the leaves of the flower in the last scene open, she looks sweet enough to eat. The grand ballet and zouave drill by twenty young ladies is well executed, eliciting rounds of applause every night. The pretty Kate Selden is still there, winning many friends by her modesty on and off the stage. She is improving very rapidly, and with attention to business will make for herself a good name.

Laura Keene and company commence an engagement at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Monday, March 2d. This arrangement has been brought about in consequence of the destruction of Ford's Theatre, where they had previously engaged to appear.

We understand that Manager Marshall, of the Howard Athenæum, Boston, has leased the Boston theatre for eighteen months. Our correspondent "Boston," says—"Among the several competitors for the house, were Messrs. Wm. Wheatley, Thos. Barry, Orlando Tompkins, and Wyseman Marshall. The latter took the trick, coming into possession of the house on the 1st of March. Much doubt is expressed as to his success; but nothing venture, nothing win, seems to be the wise man's motto, and probably he will make it go. Billy Florence will probably be the first star at the Boston. It is Mr. Marshall's intention to run both houses for a while.

Mrs. Waller is to open at the Cleveland Theatre this evening, 23d inst. She is justly termed the greatest Lady Macbeth on the American stage.

Barney Williams and lady will conclude their highly successful engagement at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Friday, Feb. 27th, when a grand complimentary testimonial is to be tendered them, emanating from some of the first military and civic gentlemen of the city.

Adah Isaacs Menken opened at the Front-street, Baltimore, according to previous announcement in the CLIPPER, on the 16th, and met with her usual great reception in that city. She has not yet appeared in any of her celebrated horse pieces, but ran the week through with "Satan in Paris," the "Soldier's Daughter," "Lola Montez," etc.

As Manager Fuller, of the Louisville Theatre, recently assumed the management of the National, Cincinnati, so Manager Wood, of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, is about to run an opposition to Fuller, in Louisville; and to this end, he has leased Mozart Hall, in the latter city, which he intends to convert into a dramatic temple, to be called Wood's Louisville Theatre. We should not wonder if both managers are the gainers, for competition is said to be the life of trade.

Did you ever hear of the "Mud Theatre," in Baltimore? It is situated in North street, near Saratoga. Well, on the 17th inst., this muddy concern was sold at auction, by order of the sheriff; and what do you think it brought? Just $15, with "all its imperfections on its head." It was purchased by A. S. Ridgeley.

John E. Owens finished up at the Howard, Boston, on the 21st inst. His engagement proved moderately successful. Miss Maggie Mitchell follows him, and commences a second term in Boston, this evening, 23d inst., opening in "Fanchon." Owens goes to Worcester this week, we believe.

"Little Barefoot," a five-act play, adapted from the German, was the novelty of the Indianapolis Theatre last week, Miss Charlotte Thompson and Mr. Felix A. Vincent assuming the leading parts. The "Little Barefoot" is dressed in new scenery, costumes, etc., and is said to have made a very fair impression.

Miss Jane Coombs concluded a two weeks' engagement at the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 21st. We are sorry to say that the engagement was not successful. This week, the coming Richard, J. Wilkes Booth, is the star. Let the supers stand around, and give the young tragedian a fair show.

The "Seven Sisters," with "Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern" attachment, has had an excellent run at the Metropolitan, Rochester, but last week was announced as positively the last chance for the Rochesterians to see the young beauties.

Maggie Mitchell finished up at the Washington Theatre on the 20th. She is now in Boston.

The Webb sisters are meeting with flattering success in Cuba.

Conway and Thos. De Waldron open at Columbus, O., on March 2d.

The Buffalo Theatre has closed for the season.

Miss Emily Thorne, after a successful season at Worcester, appears at Springfield, Mass., this (Monday) evening, Feb. 23.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Edwin Booth, (Mary Devlin,) wife of the young tragedian, whose engagement commenced at the Winter Garden, New York, recently, died in Philadelphia on Saturday morning last, 21st inst.

The opera company has met with a fair success in Boston. Notwithstanding the "great success of Dinorah," that opera has been withdrawn.

Mrs. English's New Tremont, Boston, is doing well with singling, tight-rope dancing, and a new Ravel pantomime, every night, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. By the way, there is some talk in Boston of building a new theatre on the site of the old Tremont, as that lot is now offered for sale. A stock company is about being started with a pretty large capital. Our correspondent thinks it will succeed, at the present real value of paper money, and the great rush of patrons to places of amusement.

The opening week of Mr. Eddy and Miss Kate Denin, at the Walnut, Philadelphia, was not very successful, pecuniarily, owing, no doubt, to the bad weather which prevailed. Saturday evening was more favorable for amusements, and the attendance was very good. Both artists have been kindly received, although their tragedy business did not create any enthusiasm. In melodrama they give satisfaction, and their business will improve with any sort of good weather. On Saturday evening, the play being the "Three Guardsmen," there was a good deal of bungling, in one scene particularly, in the fourth act, we believe it was. The flag which had been raised on the battlements, is supposed to have been shot away; but there it remained, the cries from the prompter and others to take it down being unheeded for some time, and at last it was bunglingly removed in presence of the audience. Want of prompt and careful attention to the business and minor details of a play, frequently condemns the entire performance. The "Spirit Friend" will be produced this week.

The Florences closed at St. Louis Theatre on the 19th, and went from thence to Louisville. On the 21st, the worthy treasurer of the establishment, Mr. P. Gleason, was to take a benefit.

Madame Pozzoni, who has recently resumed her profession on the stage, was tendered a benefit at the St. Louis Theatre, to take place on the 20th. The lady is said to be a charming vocalist.

Matilda Heron closed her engagement at the Holliday, Baltimore, on the 21st.

Miss Maggie Mitchell and mamma were in Baltimore on the 21st.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken's success at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, is spoken of as immense. Amen! Mr. Kunkle has closed the performances at the Museum, and combined the company with the Front to support Miss Menken.

J. W. Wallack, Jr., has taken up his abode for a period, at Deal, Long Branch, N. J.

Although a week of horrid weather has greeted the pious people of Washington, and once more overflowed the streets with mud, they are still enabled to float about and keep good courage with high expectations of a change for the better very shortly. Man, it is said, soon becomes accustomed to anything, and such surely must be the case in regard to visitors to the capitol just now. Our correspondent, "Peep," says—"That witty secesher who first applied the epithet of "mud sills" to the Yankees, must surely have been a resident of Washington; for *mud sills* we all must be to navigate through the avenues and streets at the present time. Bowery boys might well cry boots! boots! to see the high tops that are exposed everywhere. The miserable weather and dirty walking has somewhat affected places of amusement, at least as far as the fairer portion of visitors are concerned. Managers, however, have no right of complaint, for if the 'hevings have not smiled upon them," "green backs" have, and as to crowded houses, we have the old story to relate.....Grover's Theatre, where the *elite*, the *bon tons* meet to pass many *bon mots*, has received its full share of patronage. We see distinguished generals and eminent statesmen, surrounded by beauty and intelligence, nightly; and from their lively chat and merry laugh, one might imagine we were in the harvest of peace and plenty. Nor is this to be wondered at when we look upon the entertainment which is given. First and foremost, we have Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, who are sure to startle our sympathy or our merriment. We have an interesting *moral* drama, then comes the laughable Yankee Gal, and finally the rollicking Irish Boy, which gives a fund of delight. I have on many occasions attended the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Williams during their stay, and can truly say that such crowded houses I never before witnessed. Several nights, long before the curtain "went up," only standing room was announced, and scores were compelled to go away for want of space. I believe this has been the greatest engagement ever performed by any stars in the city of Washington.....Miss Maggie Mitchell concludes her engagement this evening, 20th, at the Washington Theatre, with a complimentary benefit. Her season has been a successful one, with the exception of one or two nights, the occasion being the production of a new play, a translation from the German by Messrs. Mathus and Fiske. "Hermann, the Child of Fortune," is a composition of school-girl nonsense, without interest, and unfit for the name of a dramatic production. The story from which the translation and dramatization has been dished up may have some plot and interest; but if so, the authors have overlooked it. For Maggie, it appeared a task to keep up her usual lively chat, and what there was to interest the spectator was her endeavors to make something out of nothing."

The Theatre Royal, Hamilton, C. W., is doing a flourishing biz., we are glad to hear.

C. W. Couldock and daughter were to take a benefit at Ellsler's Atheneum, Columbus, O., on the 20th inst., which would be also their last appearance there. Their engagement has been a profitable one to the enterprising manager. Miss Emma Waller appears there to-night as Lady Macbeth, in which character she is highly spoken of as "taking the rag off the bush." How are you, Busch?

Things theatrical are at a low ebb at Toronto, C. W., and "The Old Man's Son," writing on the 21st, mourns over it most dolefully, as says that the Lyceum has only done moderately well for three weeks past. W. M. Ward has been engaged by Manager Linden for leading parts, so that, perhaps, affairs will improve.

Sydney Smith is soon to bring out the "Seven Sisters" at the Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., with a company from Buffalo, we are informed.

Mr. Barney Williams, it is reported, came well nigh receiving his quietus during the past week. It appears that, through the carelessness of a drug clerk in Washington, he (Mr. Williams) took a quantity of laudanum instead of paregoric. To play poison on the stage is well enough, but to play it on so popular an actor on the stage, is carrying things too far.

"The Pearl of the American stage"—Miss Lucille Western—will re-visit Philadelphia this week, and perform on Mr. Forrest's off-nights at the New Chestnut Street Theatre. She commences Feb. 25, producing her great drama of "East Lynne," in which she has achieved such a decided success in the various cities where she has brought it out. Her nights will be alternated between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and between the New Chestnut and the Holliday Street Theatres, opening at the latter place Feb. 23. Her engagement in the two cities will continue four weeks, at the close of which she will commence a season at the Winter Garden, New York. This traveling from city to city, and playing every evening, will be a work of severe labor for Miss Western, a task such as few ladies would care to undertake; but Miss W. is a hard-working actress, and she rather likes the business, no matter how difficult the task imposed.

Mr. Forrest improves with age. One of the most impressive and affecting performances ever given by him, was that of Febro, in the Broker of Bogota, at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. He was grand beyond conception, and achieved one of the greatest triumphs known in the history of the drama. The house was filled in every part, and more attention was never given by an audience, nor greater enthusiasm manifested. Not only was a large portion of the female part of the audience affected to tears, but many of the rougher sex were seen to draw a sleeve or handkerchief across their eyes, as if to shield them from the glare of the gas. The Broker of Bogota will now take rank, in Philadelphia, with the Gladiator, Jack Cade, and other plays which the great tragedian has so inimitably identified himself with. The Broker was given on two nights during the past week, and Mr. Forrest appeared as Damon two nights, to very large audiences, both pieces receiving every attention in the way of scenery, costumes, etc.

Mr. Hackett closed his performances at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 21st. He is succeeded this week by Miss Lucille Western.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

George Christy's party are moving along the Hudson river, announcing a show at Troy on the 22d, and at Poughkeepsie on the 24th.

We spent a short time with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, on the 21st. The body of the house was comfortably full, while the up stairs places were not one third occupied. The company give a fair entertainment, but there is not that dash and life about their performances which characterise the New York bands; some of the members of the troupe are very clever performers; among the comedians, Frank Moran seems to be the king pin. Mr. Carncross sang very prettily, the new ballad entitled "When This Cruel War is Over." This week, E. N. Slocum, comedian, joins the company.

Sanford's Opera Troupe terminate their season in Harrisburg on the 3d of March, with a grand complimentary testimonial to Manager Sanford. Sanford has leased his Opera House to Miss M. A. Fielding. On leaving Harrisburg, Sam will start out on his regular traveling circuit, striking a westerly direction first. His movements will be recorded in our next. He will take out with him a good company, and give an unusually varied programme.

Sam Sharpley, with his troupe of Monitors, shows at Toronto, C. W., on the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. J. D. Newcombe, who, according to "The Old Man's Son," is a rattling good fellow, is piloting them through the snow banks and other obstructions very successfully. He hasn't had his comb cut yet; he's too shrewd a cock for that.

Messrs. Duprez & Green, with their talented troupe of minstrels and famous brass band, were at Whitehall, N. Y., on the 20th, and a large and enthusiastic assemblage congregated at Anderson's Hall, to listen to their entertaining singing, and sayings, etc. We are very sorry to learn from Mr. Chas. H. Duprez, that Mr. J. E. Campbell has been guilty of a very serious breach of contract, by which the firm have been losers in various ways. Mr. Duprez gives further particulars in a card in our advertising columns. On the 21st the troupe appeared at Rutland, Vt. Their route this week is, Monday at Burlington; Tuesday at St. Albans; Wednesday at Montreal, and from thence to Quebec.

And still they come. We hear of another minstrel organization performing in the New England States. It is called "Phil. Pelham's Minstrels and Brass Band." They performed in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 12th and 18th, and had gone still further eastward. The party consists of Phil. Pelham, tamborine; E. L. Dunbar, bones; J. H. Long, banjo; L. M. Devaux, ballads; Ned Kelton, tenor; Frank Morse, basso; A. M. King, violinist; R. P. Danforth, flute; M. J. Blake, cornet; and E. H. Bond, guitar. W. H. Heathwood is their agent.

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, See pages 386 and 387.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months.. 1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four 10 50
Subscription, per annum..$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

$500!! $500!!

CHANCE FOR STORY TELLERS!

$500 FOR THE BEST STORIES.

To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any greater inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expressly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and thrilling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the first page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of those stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured now-a-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 18, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be at once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, be his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1863.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

BLUE MONDAY—THE SMOKE-HOUSE—A SNOB IN DIFFICULTY—A CONFESSION TO AN OLD CRIME—PLAYING POKER—"MUSIC BY THE BAND"—QUEER IDEA OF REVENGE—THE OCEAN'S GRANDEUR—THE BIG SHIP'S APPEARANCE IN CONTRAST WITH SMALLER CRAFT—SELECT MEETING—ARRANGING FOR NEXT DAY'S SPORTS—"FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS."

Monday morning brought with it rain, giving all of us the blues worse than "Salvation." We had made great calculations on having a high old time in one way or another this day, but "the fates" decreed it otherwise. The fates, therefore, have much to answer for. I told you what a mean, dark, contemptible room our dining and sitting room was; it proved, in fact, a second Essex Market to those who couldn't go any-where else. I should not have cared if there had been anybody to make love to—all the good-looking girls were snapped up before I thought of it. Some tried to pass away the time by playing cards, others attempted to read, others to write; the ladies produced their *crochet*-work, and the gents their cigars. Smoking not being allowed, the smoker's little game was stopped, although the men were informed a little room was set aside for that purpose right over our cabin. "Is there though?" "Du tell!" "I'd like to know!" sang out the different individual "speculators in smoke," as the great Gilsey has it on his bow-window. "Why, y-e-e-s, I guess there is," replied the son of a Maltese addressed, a wag of the first water, leading the way to the "smoke-room." When we got there, a blind person would know it was a "smoke-house," for a man (or "boy" may be more appropriate in my case) couldn't see his nose in front of him for smoke, unless he had the occular orbs of a Woodsey or Elliott; and not even then.

At our intrusion, some of the upper-crust, whose "snoots" didn't turn up naturally, turned them up for the occasion. One white-headed fop thought it "Hout of hall horder" for second-cabin gentlemen to mix up with individuals of their calibre and appearance. We didn't see it, and "'is royal 'ighness" getting hit on his promontory with the butt of a cigar, (it wasn't me threw it, remember) thought it best to say no more just then. Lucky man! If he hadn't have simmered down, the assault on the swells returning from the Derby wouldn't bear a comparison to that to follow.

Speaking of the Derby, I might as well "come to confession" about my doings on that great day. Perhaps you remember my telling about some person hitting a London M. P. on the nose with a lemon, and the M. P.'s chasing an innocent devil to the wall, then drawing his sword and threatening to "split his skull." Presuming it hasn't escaped your memory, it was I that smote the officious gentleman in blue with the aforesaid lemon—aye, even I. It wouldn't do to come out plump and plain like this over there, or they might have sent me to county jail without bail or anybody to bail. Not any more for me, thank you. You see, as the old adage truthfully sayeth, "murder will out," and I thought it best to make a clean breast of it. A heap of trouble is thereby removed off the old boy's mind.

As soon as we could get near enough to see what what was going on, we found Joe Cushing, Dilly Fay, the young Kentuckian, and a North River steamboat captain playing poker at one table, and four others doing the same thing at another table. That was when silver was plenty: to make it interesting, they played for sixpence a corner, English currency; Kentucky generally coming out at the wrong end. When they got tired, others would try their hand, and on rainy days, and after supper, the smoke-room "was crowded to excess, many were unable to find standing room, and hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admission," as the show folks say when they have a big thing.

After first cabin luncheon—divil a lunch did we get—the band unhung their harps from the willows, or some other place, and stationing themselves near the grand saloon, blowed away till about 3 P. M., when their highnesses went to "grub" again. I have a holy horror of cheap brass bands, and became so disgusted with the London street musicians, that ever since, when passing Barnum's Museum, or a sixpenny show, I feel like coming the Derby Day on them, and smashing their hats right over their eyes, providing I was sure of getting away in time, ont of the reach of their "poor feet." You'd be just the same way under similar circumstances—at least, I think so.

Finding nothing better to do, I pointed for my old rendezvous—not the Fulton street one—and dreamed the unhappy hours away in contemplating the ocean's grandeur. Now, on the Plymouth Rock we looked like a mere speck on the sea, and in a storm were less than a feather dashed about by the foaming, angry waters, as if in mockery of our puny craft, showing the Great Creator's power to me more forcibly, perhaps, than I ever experienced it before. Were you ever in a storm at sea? I don't put this question to regular sea-faring men—they are callous to storms, and appear to think nothing of them—but to you, individually. If not, you can form little idea from descriptive writing. To understand its terrors, you must "be there when it's going on." On the Great Eastern, not having very rough weather, I can't say how fragile she might appear in the tempest's fury. Take the big ship in moderate weather, and she is such a monster that the ocean seems only a lake—you imagine there's scarcely the fourth of a mile between the vessel and where the clouds appear to join the water, whereas there are in reality a number of miles. That is a great point in its favor, and with such a number of passengers and variety on board, one scarcely realizes his position, so long as there is something else to occupy and divert the mind's attention.

At about 6 P. M., a meeting was held in the grand saloon, to arrange about getting up some kind of sport for the morrow. The leading spirit in this movement was Mr. J. Baillie. As at the secret meeting recently held by rebellious editors at the Astor House, reporters were not admitted—therefore it is out of the question for me to talk about that. I have known parties to write up things that never happened, and get paid for such as news, but that's neither here nor there, nor do I suppose it matters a—mad dog reversed, any way. Don't think for a moment these letters are exaggerated: if any of those gentlemen whose names are mentioned were to take the trouble to write to our Captain, we think his Cabin Boy, after being weighed in the scales, will not be found "wanting." If anybody feels hurt, thus sayeth the C. B.: Write! *Mene! Mene! Tekel, Upharsin!*

We also had a meeting in our cabin, and the result of both will form the subject of my next.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GREAT SKATING MATCH IN CHICAGO.

On Friday, February 14th, the great skating tournament at Washington Park, Chicago, took place, and the novel event created great excitement among the skating fraternity of that city. During the week previous, the Park pond was crowded with aspirants for the prizes—a list of which we give below—practising plain and fancy skating, preliminary to entering the lists as contestants. Morn, noon, and night, whenever the ice was in condition, did the pond present a gay appearance, filled, as it was, with an assemblage of the beauteous, graceful, and agile of Chicago's fairest inhabitants. The fall of snow on Wednesday, and subsequent thaw, led many to fear the necessity of a postponement, but on Friday morning the thermometer was low enough to make the ice in good condition. Bright eyes and rosy cheeks, to say nothing of the tempting ankles, abounded, and at 3 P. M., the hour appointed for the commencement of the proceedings, every one was on the tip-toe of expectation to see who would be the first to "go in and win." The prizes were as follows:—

LADIES' PRIZES.

To the best skater, a pair of silver-mounted skates, to be selected by the winner.

To the second best skater, a splendid pair of Blondin skates, offered as a volunteer prize, by Mr. Rogers.

To the third best skater, a lady's season ticket to the park next winter.

GENTLEMEN'S PRIZES.

To the best skater, a pair of silver-mounted skates, to be selected by the winner.

To the second best skater, a season ticket for a lady and gentleman to the park next winter.

To the third best skater, a lady's season ticket to the park next winter.

The extensive range of prizes offered an ample field for contestants, and had the effect of calling out the best skating talent of Chicago. By two o'clock there must have been between two and three thousand persons occupying every available space from whence a full view of the tournament could be obtained. The pond was covered with skaters up to the time appointed for the first run, but the required space—some 250 feet by 100—was cleared at 3 o'clock, and at that hour the Judges took their places as follows:—Rev. A. Swazey, Prof. Bartlett, Geo. P. Upton, J. H. Field, A. Worden, J. W. Sheahan, Mr. Goodman, and Mr. Wood.

After arranging the preliminaries, the competitors were called, and came before the committee. The following appeared:—

LADIES.

Mesdames H. S. Barlow, S. A. Lewis; Misses Flora James, Louisa Sherman, Fannie Green, Clara McGraw, Alida Dickinson, Emma Wheeler, Helen De Mary, Mattie Stoughton, Dora Poinier, Julia Ward, Clara A. Knox, Lizzie Watson, Lizzie Coombs, Ella Coe.

GENTLEMEN.

Messrs. Geo. G. Street, Payne Fitz, Frank Whitehouse, R. Cunningham, Geo. L. Barber, G. T. Biddeford, Thos. B. Leckie, James Mason, J. W. Stearns, jr., C. A. Street, Louis Barnham, Fred. Pratt, C. D. Peacock.

The first trial was an exhibition of speed by the ladies, distance twice round the enclosure, eight at a time. Of the first eight, Miss Wheeler, of Wheaton, was declared the winner, although another contestant came in ahead. The latter was ruled out, however, as she had not followed the instructions of the committee, to round the corner stakes outside instead of inside, and by going across lots, obtained a material advantage over the others. Of the second eight, Miss Ward was an easy winner, skating with great rapidity, and with unusual strength and firmness; but lacking somewhat the grace of many of the other contestants. The final contest was between Miss Ward and Miss Wheeler, and was a beautiful exhibition of the graceful art. Miss Wheeler skated with consummate grace, making long and evidently measured strokes, swaying the whole body to each diagonal with [illegible] every advantage. The first time round she reserved herself, while Miss Ward struck out boldly and energetically, as straight as an arrow, and almost as swift. She tripped occasionally, and made many false steps, but handsomely recovered herself. Miss Wheeler, on the other hand, was smooth and finished in every movement, never slipping, never making a false step, but keeping throughout a measured evenness and complete finish, as perfect as the running of a watch. On the second round, Miss Wheeler put forth more effort, but not at the expense of grace; while Miss Ward dashed furiously ahead, somewhat at the sacrifice of the latter quality, coming in ahead by two or three feet, amidst the applause of the spectators.

Skating backward was the next test, in which many of the ladies excelled. Miss Wheeler was equally graceful in this style of skating, and evidently superior to all. Miss Dickinson, in spite of a very unfavorable costume, displayed much elegance. Miss Ward was not so much at home as in skating forward, but still accomplished it very well. Miss Coe was also very graceful, and soon became a favorite. Many of the others were not well practiced. Cutting rings followed, in which Miss Wheeler was again superior, and Miss Dickinson second. Miss Ward got rapidly round the ring, but rather by keeping both feet upon the ice and "sculling," than by crossing the feet, the proper way of cutting the ring. The committee then requested the ladies to exercise for five or ten minutes in any manner they preferred, and plain skating, forward and backward, rings, spread eagles, etc., ensued, *ad libitum*. In all these, Miss Wheeler invariably caught the eye by her grace. She was dressed in exquisite taste, wearing a black cap with red plume, and lightly-fitting basque and short skirt, so that her movements were in no manner interfered with. Miss Dickinson would have undoubtedly skated to better advantage, had it not been for her long dress, which sometimes impeded her. Still, she attracted universal admiration. Her backward skating and whirls were admirable, and all her motions displayed care and study.

At the expiration of the time, the ladies were called to the stand, and the committee awarded the premiums as follows:—

First Premium (blue ribbon) to Miss Emma Wheeler, of Wheaton.

Second Premium (red ribbon) to Miss Alida Dickinson.

Third Premium (white ribbon) to Miss Julia Ward.

Fourth Premium (yellow ribbon) to Miss Ella Coe.

The skating of the ladies was good, especially little Miss Knox, who, for her age and size, displayed rare abilities.

The contest between the gentlemen was exciting in the extreme, the more so that a large proportion of them were very evenly matched. As with the ladies, speed was the first test, four times around, by fours. The contest was very close, with now one and now another ahead, and lots of tumbles, owing to the efforts of the contestants to get the inside track.

On the various trials, some of the best skating ever seen took place. Leckie's long and graceful strokes were particularly admired, but some unfortunate tumbles hindered him greatly. Mason displayed very handsome skating. Stearns was very graceful, and in the estimation of some, the most graceful of all the gentlemen, but not quite so fast as Whitehouse, who seemed perfectly at home on his skates, and did some fine work. Peacock was also a rapid and graceful skater. The contest on speed upon the home stretch, narrowed down to Stearns and Whitehouse. They flew like arrows. Whitehouse was wary and took the inside of the stakes every time, but his advantage was only temporary. Stearns would swiftly shoot ahead, Whitehouse keeping the inside, until on rounding the last quarter they were neck and neck, with but a few feet to go, when Stearns unfortunately stumbled and measured his length, leaving the field clear to Whitehouse, who came in first. Pratt, a little boy in comparison with the other skaters, deserves especial mention for his excellent skating against such heavy disadvantages.

In skating backwards, Leckie was a favorite as well as Whitehouse, Stearns and Peacock, the latter especially deserving commendation for his handsome effort. In cutting rings, forward and backward, there was much evenness in the competition. The little Pratt accomplished it very artistically, crossing his feet with a measured uniformity, and lifting them clear from the ice at each stroke. Many of the others committed the radical error of not lifting their feet, but "sculling," a practice familiar to every body, and very easily done.

The front roll, or, as it is sometimes called, the Dutch roll, which is probably the most graceful of all methods of skating, and consists in turning each diagonal with a rolling sweep upon the outer edge of the skate, swaying the body at the same time, was accomplished most admirably by Leckie and Peacock. In the double roll forward, Biddeford excelled, and Stearns and Mason displayed great proficiency. In the double roll backward, the most difficult feat upon skates, Peacock displayed the care and attention he had devoted to skating and accomplished the almost impossible motions with astonishing excellence. Little Pratt, to the wonder of everybody, although not equal to Peacock, still did it well. The others tried at it hard, and were next, but at a long distance. The last feat was spinning upon one foot *a la* top, and strange to say, little Pratt was the only one who could accomplish it. Peacock didn't attempt it. The others tried hard and ended in funny failures.

A free pass was then given to all the gentlemen to go in and do their handsomest, and for a few minutes the ice was the scene of splendid skating, each trying to out-do the other in impossible feats. Pigeon wings of every description, spread eagles, forward and backward rolls, jumps and tumbles were promiscuously mixed up, and all were snarling up and disentangling, twisting and wreathing in graceful convolutions, and engraving upon the ice, curves which would have astonished Napier, when the committee called the competitors to the stand and awarded the prizes, as follows:—

First Premium—(blue ribbon) to C. D. Peacock.

Second Premium—(red ribbon) to Frederick Pratt.

Third Premium—(white ribbon) to Frank Whitehouse.

Fourth Premium—(yellow ribbon) to J. W. Stearns, Jr.

The volunteer prize of a dozen *cartes de visit* to the poorest skater on the ice was the next on the tapis. Nobody seemed ambitious of claiming this distinction, except Gunnybags, who challenged Jenkins and everybody else. Jenkins declined the honor, and Gunnybags, coveting one prize, attempted the spinning, which of course resulted in an inglorious failure, and entitled him to the dozen Gunnybags in miniature. But, although the spinning attempt made him sit down, and roll over, and see stars, the Committee ignored his claim. He enters his protest, and challenges the whole Committee to spin with him for a purse of any amount of greenbacks, or postal currency, railroad tickets not to be spun for, unless they are the seven ride ones.

In making the awards, the Committee had a delicate task before them. There should, in reality, have been two sets of premiums—one for plain and the other for fancy skating. As it was, everything had to be considered—both strength, activity, speed, grace and finish. There were many who excelled in one thing, but in no others; and many who, in plain skating alone, would have taken a prize. It is noticeable, however, that no prizes were awarded until every skater's abilities had been canvassed, and each man's excellencies in every department compared with the others. Every man upon the Committee was a practical skater, and two of them at least, Messrs. Goodman and Wood, among the very best in Chicago.

The affair made one of the most pleasant entertainments ever given in that city. They are institutions to be encouraged, and will result in a largely increased stock of health, a splendid development of the muscles of Christianity, and unalloyed, pure and innocent enjoyment to the young women and young men of the city.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

DANFORTH MARBLE,

Born in East Windsor, Ct.; made his first appearance on the the stage, in 1831, at the Chatham Garden, New York, as Robin Roughhead, in "Fortune's Frolic," having to pay $20 for the privilege of appearing. First appeared in Philadelphia, December 20, 1837, at the Walnut-street Theatre, as Sam Patch. Visited all the cities successfully as a star. In 1845, he visited England, making his *debut* October 30th, at the Strand Theatre, London, as Deuteronomy Dutiful. Died at Louisville, Ky., May 13, 1849.

Dan. Marble was one of the greatest favorites that ever appeared on the American stage. The night he made his *debut* in New York he was greatly annoyed with the toothache—the pain of the tooth and the first smell of the footlights—the gaze of the fiddlers and a view of the audience—caused Dan's knees to shake terribly. At first he was quite bewildered. He finally frightened the tooth-ache away, and played the part as well as if he had been an old stager. Marble was related, by marriage, to Jno. B. Rice, Esq., the old theatrical manager; also to Wm. Warren, one of the best comedians on the American stage. Dan and Rice married sisters of Wm. Warren. Dan. was full of fun—he told many original stories that would draw a laugh from the ghost of old Job Gould. He was an excellent comedian, and an immense favorite wherever he visited. Dan was a great wag and loved fun, no matter in what manner it was dished up. His benefit was to have taken place the night he died. The bill read as follows:—"Benefit and last appearance of Dan. Marble. This evening will be presented, 'Cure for the Cholera!'" Poor Dan. died of cholera the same night!

MRS. ADAH KING,

Born in London. She was engaged to visit this country by Mr. Hackett, and made her first appearance at Niblo's, New York, in 1852. She afterwards became a member of Placide's Varieties, New Orleans. She was afterwards engaged for the National Theatre, Philadelphia, making her *debut* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At the termination of the season, she engaged with Mr. Marshall for the Baltimore and Washington Theatres. In 1854, she returned to Philadelphia, and became a member of the Chestnut. In 1855, she seceded from the Chestnut, and in 1858, became a member of the Rosalie Durand Opera Troupe, and is at present travelling through Australia, singing with the troupe.

She made her *debut* in this country under the name of Adah Harcourt.

AGNES M. SUTHERLAND,

Well known as the "Scottish Nightingale," born in England; came to this country in 1857, and made her *debut* July 16th, of the same year, at Parkinson's Garden Concert, Philadelphia. The modest and unheralded advent of this charming vocalist among [illegible] characteristic of true merit and genuine artistic self-reliance. As a concert singer, we like her as well as any we have ever heard. Her rendition of the sweet ballads of her own country, and the gems of Irish Minstrelsy is so heart-felt, that she enlists the sympathies of all her hearers. She is a charming balladist, and her style is so chaste, so devoid of affectation, and so lady-like, that it adds a charm to her liquid voice. She possesses, too, when her subject requires it, much dramatic force, and when she sings "All the Blue Bonnets," or the "McGregor's Gathering," we can almost fancy that the pibrochs are lending their stirring accompaniment to those glorious legendary songs of Auld Scotia; and that tartans are waving and plumes nodding over the gathering of the clans at the mustering place. Gifted with a pure, flexible, and resonant soprano voice, highly cultivated and intellectually schooled, Miss Sutherland has made a marked impression, and we commend her to all who admire fine ballad singing. At present engaged at Mrs. Jane English's New Tremont Theatre, Boston.

MRS. HESTER PROCTOR,

Formerly Mrs. Willis, maiden-name Warren. This lady was born in Philadelphia in August, 1810. She was not intended for the stage, although her father enjoyed an enviable reputation, both as manager and actor. She adopted it in opposition to the wishes of her parents, who were too indulgent to oppose her inclination. As soon as the bent of her mind was fixed, having received an education which would have enabled her to fill with credit any station in life, she chose the laborious avocation of an actress, and made her *debut* March 22, 1827, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Fidelio, in "The Foundling," Cowell playing Faddle, and Wemyss, Belmont. It was, perhaps, the most successful *debut* ever witnessed in Philadelphia.

Her next appearance, as Mary, in "John Bull," fully justified the favorable opinion all entertained of her talent for the stage. At the close of the season, she proceeded with the rest of the company to Baltimore, where fresh triumphs awaited her efforts. During the spring of 1828, she became the wife of Mr. Willis, a musician of some talent. This ill-assorted match, contrary to the wishes of her parents and friends, did not prove a happy one; and after several years of domestic disquietude, they separated by mutual consent. Some time previous to the death of Willis (which occurred at New Orleans, May 26, 1834,) she, at her own desire, assumed the task of educating and providing for the children. She turned her attention seriously to the pursuit of her profession, and in a short time became a favorite in Baltimore, where she resided for many years. Her reputation became so great, that Simpson, of the Park Theatre, New York, engaged her, but before the time arrived, she married Joseph Proctor, of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. She soon after tried her fortune in the West, visiting Cleveland and Detroit. She returned to the Walnut, and supported Edwin Forrest in the only profitable engagement he ever played with Wemyss. Mr. Hamblin, while re-building the Bowery Theatre, engaged Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, and they appeared on the opening night. We next find her a member of Pelby's National Theatre, Boston, in whose service she paid that debt which sooner or later all must cancel.

It may not be unworthy of remark, that the "Naiad Queen" (under another title) was in active preparation at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, as early as 1837, but was laid aside, in consequence of the repugnance of Mrs. Willis to appear in the bath scene before the audience; yet in performing at Boston in this very piece, she contracted the cold which occasioned her death, which took place at Boston on Tuesday morning, December 7, 1841, at six o'clock, after an illness of about ten days. She took cold while playing in the "Naiad Queen." Although sick, she continued to perform until after the second night of "London Assurance," in which she played Grace Harkaway, in a superior style. This was her last performance.

As an actress, Mrs. P. has left few equals. Her ladylike appearance in everything she undertook, the versatility of talent which grasped alike tragedy, comedy, opera, or farce, and was alike respectable in all, made her loss felt to the stage for a long time.

ACROBATIC ACCIDENTS.—An acrobat, who styles himself Monsieur Steavatti, is at present confined in the Leeds Infirmary, England, having been severely injured whilst following his hazardous occupation at the Amphitheatre. Among the feats performed by Monsieur Steavatti, is to turn a somersault whilst springing across six chairs, which are formed and arranged in a manner exceedingly dangerous, should an accident occur. The staves, placed horizontally at the back of each chair, are removed, the upright portion of the legs, to which they are usually attached, remaining. On the night he received his injuries, he was again to gratify the lovers of "sensation" attending the theatre, by risking his life in the performance of this feat. His first attempt was successful, but, on renewing it, his foot, it is said, caught a carpet, thereby interfering with the force of his spring. At any rate, after throwing the somersault, he fell heavily on the upright portion of the legs of the chair. One of the legs penetrated his left lung, and inflicted a dreadful wound. On another occasion, an accident of a similar, but not so serious a character, occurred at the same place of amusement. Whilst performing upon what is termed a "flying trapeze," Monsieur Detard missed his grasp at the second trapeze, and fell to the ground, a distance of some nine feet. He alighted upon his feet, and only injured one of his knees.

THE RING.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most recherché caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably-conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 86-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 659 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, Mr. MORDECAI LYONS in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLYWOOD, Proprietors.

MIKE DORSEY'S BENEFIT.—This was on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., when it rained so cussed hard. For a' that, the Oriental Gymnasium, Bayard street, had a very fair attendance. Neither was the weather the only drawback; Billy Sargent's sing-song was the same night at Smith & Burlinson's House of Commons, Houston street, and that made some difference. Still there was a good number present, mostly young fellows, although we noticed several boys of larger growth from the Bowery and elsewhere.

At about half-past eight, Uncle Tovee heralded CHARLEY WALKER AND TOM O'CONNER to give the opening chorus, which turned out a regular anvil chorus, with respirators in difficulty more than once. Charley would be teazer to many a bigger man if he'd only use his left more. If we saw one opening we saw a dozen, and yet Charley didn't seize the opportunities. We are well aware looking on is quite a different thing from sparring, and that Walker might discern the same failing in others as we did in him. So be it—our business is to tell a man his defects so that he may get rid of them, and the next time Charley spars we shall note whether he has improved on our suggestions.

2. ALEC ROBERTSON AND DUBLIN MIKE.—A daring freak of Mike's in going at such a cast-iron man as "California." Alec's the very divil for following up, and but for Mike's dodging tactics he'd have got some funny raps; Dublin could hardly believe his eyes at the indifference manifested by "Snapper" to all his daring onslaughts; it was like hitting at a rock, and with about the same effect—nary budge from Robertson. It's a pity Alec isn't a little less impetuous; if he would only watch and time his man, there are few boxers in this world could make much out of him; as it is, none of them that are here care to trouble him much. Mike deserves credit for sparring with Alec, when nobody else cared to.

3. MIKE NOLAN AND ALF WALKER.—Too much of a good thing for the sturdy Michael, as he carried too many guns for young Alfred. Walker's heart was there, but he hadn't the strength to execute; still, he didn't squeal, nor show any signs of backing down—not a bit of it. Nolan is said to be a pupil of Phil Clare, and has a regular fighting head on him.

4. MILLIGAN AND DOLAN.—Not much. More fun than anything else, by Milligan's comical way of going up to his white-headed opponent, and style of delivery. Though young in years, they are very old-fashioned looking youngsters.

5. DICK HOLYWOOD AND BERRIGAN.—A very fine set-to, indeed; this *was* science if you like. Dick's mode of attack and defence is too well known for explanation, but it does puzzle some people how such an apparently delicate youth can hit the way he does, and get away with men so much his superior in strength. Dick has long been acknowledged among our best sparrers, and though Berrigan isn't quite so showy or graceful, he can hit a powerful blow and take all his physic without a wry face. They got the—*encore* unmistakably, and deserved it. While this was going on, Dick's big brother, Eugene, said the bar might take care of itself until it was over, so anxious was he to see little Dick on his mettle. Such is brotherly love.

6. YOUNG KERRIGAN AND SHINER.—More hard knocks than pennies, pretty evenly distributed. Kerry had a sore hand—Shiner a swelled jaw, so neither one was in proper fettle to box. They were very good natured indeed, hitting each other like stone cutters. Honors divided.

7. MACNAMARA AND TOMMY MEAKIN.—You know Big Bihin, who was playing with G. L. Fox at the Old Bowery, don't you? Well, though Fox and the giant had sparred together. A description of Meakin would be superfluous to CLIPPER readers, but Macnamara is, to look at, a second Benicia Boy—he's perfectly awful, and we felt mighty sorry for Tommy when the good-looking fellow with the moustache went to look for him. Mac don't pretend to science—he's a hitter and wrestler consequently; he made for the throw every round, and succeeded in his object. Tommy bothered him more than enough, making some telling hits both at out and in fighting, until the big 'un got the hug on him, and then the Meakin had to "come down." Mac drew Tom's claret, and acted in every way as if he was engaged in real battle—in short, at one time it looked dusty for a regular scrimmage, from the ever-excited manner of several gents with military glaze caps, who yelled and shouted like Thirty-three's fellers going to a fire, all for nothing at all. Eventually, at the solicitation of a few leading spirits present, they cried a "go," after one of the most exciting tussels we ever saw. Meakin is soon to have a benefit in Brooklyn.

8. BILLY DOYLE AND TOM O'CONNOR.—Bully work for Billy, the boiler maker, one of the smartest boys of his years in the State. Doyle spars for all the world like Billy Donnelly, the engine boy. Tom was big enough, and tried hard enough to eclipse Billy and burst his boiler, but it was no go, the latter being altogether too spry for him. Barney Aaron thought Doyle a killer, while the Alderman said he was lightnin', to all of which we answer, Yes, verily. They kept up the jig for quite a spell, and were loth to separate.

9. MIKE DORSEY AND JOHNNY GRADY.—A wind up worthy of champions in every respect. The Little Wonder, Mike Dorsey, exhibited "points" that ought to satisfy any backing man, that whoever he tackles, anything like his size or weight, will have his work cut out even to get on without a double-header in return, and when it comes to gameness—well, there Mike's a second Charley Lynch—we couldn't very well say more than that. One move of Mike's was particularly cunning—that is, when Grady sent out his left, he would simply dodge to one side and put such an awful right-hander under Johnny's left lug, that the old-fashioned "gintleman from Ireland" was completely at sea as to how he managed to get round there. Taken altogether, it was a slashing affair, creditable alike to both parties.

After the benefit, the majority adjourned to the Clipper Shades, 40 East Broadway, and others to Billy Sargent's benefit, where Izzy Lazarus was chairman and the patriarchial old Bill Pontin on t'other end—of the table we mean.

ARRIVAL OF YOUNG IZZY LAZARUS AT SAN FRANCISCO—HIS INTERVIEW WITH JOHNNY, ETC.—When young Sims Reeves left our city for the gold diggings, the affair was duly chronicled, and now we are enabled to give some fresh, reliable, and very interesting items, gleaned from a private source, a gentleman to whom personally we have many a time and oft been indebted for similar favors—the jolly and harmonious Father Lazarus. Our friends will remember a certain young gentleman who tried to palm himself off as a brother of Oliver's, the great English pedestrian, but our knowledge of the pugs and peds in Great Britain, kindly fetched him at our introduction, and consequently he dropped his colors like a hot potato, and acknowledged he was plain Mr. Jacobs. This same party shook young Izzy when they got to the Isthmus, leaving the latter in a bad fix: however, he got employed the rest of the way, and arrived even before Billy Meehan—who sailed a week in advance.

Johnny Lazarus, with his trainer, the celebrated Joe Winrow, happened to be in town the very day Izzy arrived, and the Californians all took the "emigrant" for Captain Harry, until Jack explained otherwise. Young Izzy wrote the day after he landed, and as he wrote, Jack was undergoing a "course of sweats," not sprouts, under the vigilant eye of Old Joe. Izzy says that Jack is quite an aristocrat, or big-bug among the Californians, and makes heaps of friends everywhere he goes. In a postscript by Johnny himself, he states that he is already to his weight, 122 lbs., and feels confident of victory. He was very anxious to see Harry, and as the Captain has gone, although Johnny had no intimation of it until a week before Harry started, Jack will be indeed delighted when he gets there. Harry is sure to be one of his seconds, and give Jack even more confidence than ever.

Pete Daily is also getting along finely in his preparations. Harry Gribbin is training Pete, and there is considerable ill-feeling about it, Johnny asserting that Gribbin has acted very meanly towards him. Others beside Johnny say the same thing, but we hope, for Gribbin's sake, whom we always took for a perfect gentleman, that the case is not so black as represented. Daily is represented as a very tough place of stuff, and thorough game by his friends, while Lazarus' partizans believe he can completely blind his opponent inside of half an hour, and as the time approaches, discussion begins to wax warm even here. "Tom Quick"—the only man who knows his biz, and what he's talking about, of all the other would-be sporting sheets—is very sweet on Johnny, and argues his chances of winning in such a felicitous manner, that when he winds up scarcely a Dailey man is around. We should like to see a discussion night twice a week at Izzy Lazarus', every week from now till the middle of March, when the case would be argued *pro* and *con* by gentlemen of intellect They have a similar sort of meeting at many public houses in London, where all are invited, and where a man can pick up a good deal of useful information. We've spent many a pleasant hour at these meetings, and—shall we say it?—found them better than going to church, even. What says our friend to helping the cause along with his graphic pen?

LION PIE.—A great dinner was recently given in Edinburgh, and as the end was drawing nigh, two waiters carried into the room a large pie, which, on being opened, was found to contain five young lions, sent from the menagerie of Mr. Manders to decorate the dinner table. The cubs were christened as follows:—Robert Burns, Sir Wm. Wallace, Sir Walter Scott, Princess Alexandra, and Lord Clyde; they were handed round to the company for inspection, and then conveyed in a cab to the place from whence they came. And when the pie was opened, the cubs began to roar; the guests all said they'd had enough, and wished for nothing more.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THEO. M. BROWN, Berlin, Prussia.—Your very welcome and highly-entertaining letter of the 22d ult., came safely to hand; will unfold its contents (or a portion thereof) to our appreciative readers next week. Will try to get the required No. to you.

F. H. ELDER, Detroit.—Thanks for your pains. Your note came just as we were closing up our column; but we believe the solution correct, will examine and report next week.

OCEOLA, Hamilton, C. W.—You will some time since have perceived that your last was received, welcomed, and used. The present will share a like fate—serve it right, eh?

PAULSEN SCHACH CLUB.—This spirited Club is holding an interesting Tournament. The only contest of which we have yet had a report, was a fine game in which our contributor John Schlesinger gave Herr Hollerbach the odds of Kt, but lost the *partie*. Our contributor is not sanguine of personal success. The tourney is a handicap arrangement, and the Committee adjudge him heavy odds—except only with our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger. Added to this, a very heavy domestic affliction weighs upon his spirits and distracts his thoughts.

ENIGMA No. 369.

WORLD'S CONGRESS FIRST PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"NYMPH IN THY ORISONS."

BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.

at K Kt 2, K B sq, K B 2, K 2, K sq, Q 7, K Kt 3, K R 3d. and White Pawns at K 3d, and K 5th.

at his 5, Q R 2, K R 2, Q B 6, Q B 2, Q Kt 8, Q 3, Q B 4th. and Black Pawns at Q Kt 4th, and Q B 5th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

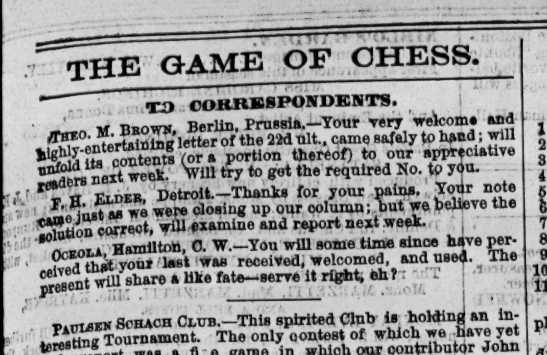
PROBLEM No. 369.

WORLD'S CONGRESS SECOND PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"AUT CÆSAR AUT NIHIL."

BY SIGNOR JOSEF PLACHUTTA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 369.

Played at the New York Chess Club between our contributor John Schlesinger and C. H. Schultz.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Schultz.	Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Schultz.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q × B 2d P	K Kt-K 2
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..K Kt-his 5	Castles
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..K B-Q 3	P-K B 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	14..P × P *en pass*	Q × B 2d P
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	15..B × R P +	K-his R sq
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	16..Q-K R 3	P-Q 4
7..Castles	K B × P	17..K B-his 5 dis +, winning the Queen.	
8..Q Kt × B	Q 2d P × Kt		
9..Q-her Kt 3	Q-K B 3		

The most brilliant Austrian *vs.* the most brilliant English player.—*Era.*

QUEEN'S KT'S OPENING.

Herr Steinitz.	Mr. Bird.	Herr Steinitz.	Mr. Bird.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..R P + Kt	Q B to Q 2
2..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 3	17..P-K Kt 4	Q-K R 5
3..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..Q-K B 2	Q-K R 3
4..K B-B 4	K Kt-B 3	19..K R-K sq	Q Kt-K 2
5..Castles	K B × Kt	20..K-his B sq	Kt-K Kt 3
6..Q P × B	P-Q 3	21..P-K Kt 3	K-his 2
7..Q B-Kt 5	P-K R 3	22..K-his 2	K R-home
8..Q B-R 4	Q B-K 3	23..K R-home	Q × K R (1)
9..K B-Q 3	P-K Kt 4	24..Q R × Q	K R + R
10..Kt × Kt	P (*a*) R P × Kt	25..Q-K 3	Q R-R sq
11..Q B × P	K R-Kt sq (*b*)	26..Q-Kt 5 +	P-K B 3 (2)
12..Q B-R 4	Q B-R 6 (*c*)	27..Q + Q Kt	Q R-R 7 +
13..B-Kt 3 (*d*)	Q B-Kt 5	28..K-his 3	K R-K 8 +
14..Q-her 2	K Kt-R 4	29..K B-K 2	Q R × B +
15..P-K B 3	K Kt + B	30..K-Q 3	Q B-K 3, and

Herr Steinitz surrendered.

(*a*) Hazardous; the object for which the piece is sacrificed is not attainable, and moreover exposes his own King to subsequent attack.

(*b*) Correct; providing for the safety of his K Kt.

(*c*) Finely played! forcing the retreat of hostile Q B, by which his own Kt is liberated to free action.

(*d*) It would, at first sight, appear that 13..Q to K B 3d now gives the Attack an advantage, but the following variation will show that, had that move been made, the loss of the game would have immediately ensued, *e. g.*:—

13..Q to K B 3 — Q B × P — 14..Q × K Kt — B to B 6 dis +, winning the Queen.

(1) This is in the high style of Chess.

(2) Best; for if K home, the Attack threatens Q to K B 6th, and K B to B 4th.—*Walker.*

All this is played with Mr. Bird's usual ability.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Game received. Thanks.

H. L., Pittsburgh.—Thanks for favors.

JAMES A. WINDSOR, Providence, R. I.—Sturges' Work incorporated in Bohn's Hand Book, can be had in this city. Price, (postage paid) $1.50. The Scottish Draught Player, (Drummond's 3d Ed.) is as good as any. Not to be had in this city.

JOHN MCGREGOR, Winooski Falls, Vt.—We give your Challenge this week, and although we presume it to be given in good faith, we venture to premise that, let the result be what it might, the Championship would still remain in abeyance. It is admitted by all good players (and several bad ones) that a match by correspondence, is no real test of strength over the board. However, should Mr. Vannetta, or "any other man," accept your chivalrous *defi*, we shall be happy to give the Game a "first class berth," in the CLIPPER.

A. D. VANNETTA, Philadelphia.—We shall be happy to receive your views on Mr. McGregor's challenge.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP AGAIN!

McGREGOR WILL PLAY VANNETTA, OR ANY OTHER MAN.

WINOOSKI FALLS, Vt., Feb. 14, 1863.

ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: I will play Mr. A. D. Vannetta, of Philadelphia, or any other person, (through the CLIPPER.) The man who wins the first three games to be the Champion Draught Player of America. (?) Yours, JOHN MCGREGOR.

SOLUTION OF DRUMMOND'S 25th POSITION.

BY R. HINES, ESQ.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..17	22best	4	8*	6..24	19(*c*)	16	20
2..31	27best	15	19	7..19	15(*d*)	20	24
3..27	18	19	23	8..15	11	24	27
4..32	28(*a*)	8	11	9..11	7	27	31
5..28	24(*b*)	11	16	10..7	2	23	26

Black draws as far as heard from, without an if.

* Drummond gives 23 to 26 and makes Black lose.

(*a*) As good as anything else on the board.

(*b*) From 23 to 17 or 25 eventually results in a drawn game.

(*c*) 24 to 20 does not change the aspect.

(*d*) 19 to 16 no better.

GAME No. 46—Vol. X.

From the "Scottish Draught Player."

JENNY LIND.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	12..14 to 23	26 to 10
2..15 22	25 18	13..6 14	28 24
3..8 11	29 25	14..14 17	22 18
4..4 8	25 22	15..3 7	27 23
5..12 16	24 20	16..7 10	24 19
6..10 15	21 17	17..17 22	32 27
7..9(*a*) 13	17 14	18..13 17	18 15
8..8 12	14 9	19..11 18	20 11
9..5 14	18 9	20..10 14	11 8
10..6 10	23(*b*) 18	21..17 21	30 26
11..10 14	9 5	White wins.	

(*a*) Drummond gives no draw for Black after this move. He plays 36 variations, in which White wins in each instance.

(*b*) Spayth plays 27 to 24 in his work, and allows Black to draw. EXPRESS.

☞ Solution of Position No. 46, Vol. X, reserved until further notice.

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

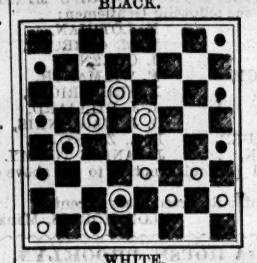
Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
6..10	15	21	17
7..8	12	27	24

POSITION No. 46—Vol. X. THE 110th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY H. L., OF PITTSBURGH.

Dedicated to Country Champion Players.

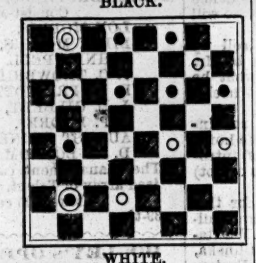
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

[Very pretty.—ED. D. D.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, Jan. 31.

RENEWED FIGHTS,

BETWEEN

HARTLEY AND FINIGHTY,

AND

PRICE AND PARKINSON.

The crowded state of our columns last week, prevented us from giving more than the result of the battles between these men. We therefore redeem our promise then made by here giving the rounds, etc., in detail.

HARTLEY VS FINIGHTY.

By direction of the referee, Simon Finighty and Jack Hartley, and their friends, met early on the morning of the 28th, at London Bridge Station, to make their way to the chosen rendezvous. A well-known spot, about sixty miles from the metropolis, was selected for the battle-field, and reached in due time. After an attempt to form a ring close to the station, a remove was found necessary, and a long walk, or rather straggle, through bogs, &c., rendered imperative, there not being conveyances for all. This difficulty was at length got over, and the ring pitched and ready for the men at about nine o'clock A. M. Fifteen minutes afterwards, Hartley threw in his cap, having the same seconds as on the day before. Finighty was soon after him, having a change for the better in one of his mentors, whose name, for sundry potent reasons, is suppressed. The effects of the punishment sustained by the lads on the previous day were trifling, considering that they had fought fourteen rounds, which lasted one hour and eleven minutes. Finighty won the toss for choice of corners, and placed himself upon the higher ground. The betting was level, but not much was done. All being ready, and the referee being at his post, the men stood up at 9:30 A. M. for

THE RENEWED FIGHT.

Round 1. There was a sharp look-out, when the bantams had shaken hands, to discover the marks of punishment from the previous day's fighting. Hartley was scatheless, with the exception of the cut on the right eyebrow, and a little discoloration of body, but nothing that could in the slightest degree bear on the issue of the fight. Simon had not any bruizes to speak of, but had a graze over the left eye and on the chin, as well as a roughness of the skin on his forehead and cheeks, showing plainly that Hartley paid those regions some ugly visits. He, as well as his opponent, had a mark or two about the body. The commencement of business was conducted on almost similar tactics to those displayed on Tuesday. Each feinted in turn, and retreated as his antagonist advanced, having, no doubt, a lively remembrance of his reception on the previous day when he did lead off. After some minutes, during which the silence round the ring gave every promise of a nice, quiet mill, Hartley all at once made a determined dash or two with his left; and, finding that Simon was rather baffled, and might perhaps stand it, Jack "weaved" with both hands rather high, and followed Finighty to his corner, where some very spirited and clever sparring ensued, both being so quick and keen-sighted that no opening was given to be taken advantage of. Simon, not fancying being penned in his corner, made a determined feint or two. The first Hartley took no notice of at all; but, at the second, finding Simon had got his left foot well inside his, Jack was forced to beat a retreat, and the sparring was renewed in the centre of the ring, until Hartley walked back, followed by Simon, and Hartley was again *non est*. On meeting, both were short with the left, which was followed by the usual sparring, when Finighty planted the left on the body, and feinted at the head. Hartley was very short in his return with his left, but at the next attempt became level with Master Simon, by getting well home on the body, and retreated from Finighty's rush by doing "a trot." After sparring until within distance, Hartley again visited the body with the left, and got his right on the jaw. Finighty planted on the right eye and chest; Hartley once more on the body with the left, and with the right on the left cheek, after receiving which, Finighty rushed in rather wildly, and a couple of random exchanges passed, until Hartley went down on his knees, fighting away all the same. This proceeding called forth some loud disapprobation from Finighty's corner, as well as an appeal from his principal second. Time, 9 min.

2. Simon came up full of mischief, and looked very vicious as he sparred at Hartley, who met him with right good will. A rattling volley of exchanges at half-armed distance with both hands, until they closed, when Hartley got down rather cleverly.

3. Both were in their corners for some time after time was called; but as both took liberties, who could grumble? Finighty was flushed and blowing; Hartley also blowing, but not flushed, and, beyond his right eye being swollen, nothing was amiss. Hartley at once planted the left on the body, and jumped away from the return. A few passes of very pretty sparring ensued until Finighty, getting fidgety, sent his left out as a feeler, but, as it was short, as well as lacking steam, Hartley avoided it, and got home on the nose with the left, getting a receipt for the same in a pretty left handed counter on the eye. This brought on a couple of rattling exchanges with both hands, and the round was concluded, after mutual counters with the left, by Hartley going down on his nether end, where he sat laughing. Time, 12 min.

4. No damage of consequence done on either side. Both came up flushed and eager for the fray. Hartley was very busy with his left, getting on the body heavily, amidst derisive cheers from his friends of "Oh! that's nothing." Finighty tried his right, but missed, after which he renewed the sparring for some little time, until Hartley stole a march, got his left twice on the body smartly, and diversified it a little by dashing that useful left bang on to the mouth, amidst plenty of "Oh my's" and "adjectives" from his supporters. They sparred for wind, until Hartley broke the peace by visiting the body with his left, which led the way to left-handed counters on the nose; but Hartley did not leave off at this, as he paid a parting visit with his left on the mark, and got away at a trot. Simon followed the "leary little Jack," getting a "hot-'un" on the waist for his pains, which rendered his attempt with his left at the head entirely ineffective. Hartley went in "for fighting," and some rattling exchanges passed at the head, at long shots, until they closed and grappled for the fall, both being down.

5. Simon had his mouth and nose bleeding as he came up, Hartley showing a cut on the nose, in addition to the swollen and discolored eye. Very little sparring took place, as the "tiny ones" had evidently made up their minds for business, and rapid exchanges with both hands, all over the ring, were given and returned with hearty good will, and several desperate right-handers were wasted on the "winds." A simultaneous counter with the left on the front of the head, however, sent the bantams apart, and they had to spar for wind. On getting together, Simon tried his left at the head, but was over the left shoulder, when Hartley jumped in, and sharp counters with the left took place, Hartley visiting the body, and Finighty the nose. Hartley planted on the body, and got back, renewing the sparring until he again caught Simon off his guard, when "pop" went Jack's left on the nose, drawing blood. Simon, "wery riled," went in, and they fought all over the ring with both hands, each attempting to land the auctioneer, until they closed, when Hartley "played possum," and got down in a hurry, rather suspiciously. Affectionate and earnest calls from Simon's seconds were met by the order of the referee to fight on. Time, 21 min.

6. Hartley had the cut over his right eyebrow re-opened in the last round from a left-hander, and his eye winking and blinking from a right-hander. Simon came up bleeding from the nose and mouth, as well as his forehead being all over bumps. Very little sparring ensued before a rattling left-handed counter was exchanged. Hartley found a straight road to Finighty's nose, and Simon a near cut to the jaw. A couple of exchanges passed very rapidly, when Hartley went down on his knees, in which position Simon hit him, but when an appeal was made to the referee, he ordered the fight to proceed, on the ground that both had broken a rule, and were therefore on an equality as regarded fault.

7. Neither was too quick to answer to the call of time, and when they did leave their corners it was evident from their free blowing that the fast fighting had taxed their bellows very severely. Both were very much flushed, and had an eye apiece discolored. Finighty was bleeding from the nose and mouth, and Hartley distilling from the eyebrow. They sparred for wind all over the ring; after which, they managed to get within shot, when left-handed counters on the body were exchanged with great quickness. The seconds of the men urged them to increased exertions, and the bantams, nothing loth, fought with both hands all over the ring, until they closed, when, after a short and sharp struggle, Finighty threw Hartley, but both were down, side by side.

8. Finighty was bleeding from the corner of his right eye; Hartley as before. After sparring until within reach, they exchanged with both hands with great precision on the head and body, when Hartley slipped down on one knee, but jumped up, and renewed the fighting by dashing in, when the half-armed hitting was of a very severe character, until they closed, and both were down together.

9. While they were walking to the scratch, the seconds of each advised the use of the left hand only, expressing a fear that the "auctioneer" might be landed by their man's adversary. The consequence was a very good and spirited round, in which the counters with the left were of a very fine description. Hartley visited the body, Simon the nose; each again repeated the dose with the left, and broke away. They sparred for an opening for some time, which was perceived by each at the same moment, for a very fine left-handed counter on the nose passed, Hartley's hit drawing blood. After a few wild exchanges, each missing with his right, Hartley got his left on the cheek, and then on the body. Simon, "riled" at the above two for nothing, went to work, but only forced good left-handed counters on the nose and cheek, followed by a couple of exchanges, when Hartley went down on his knees, fighting all the time, Simon getting on the head while he was in that position. An appeal of foul on both sides, over-ruled. Time, 32 minutes.

10. Hartley soon commenced business by leading off with the left, which was prettily stopped. Both were short at the body. Hartley was the first to plant a successful hit on the body, followed by a stinger on the cheek. Simon soon retaliated by getting home on the nose, and trying again, was well stopped, as well as being short with the double. There was now some time taken up by their having a good long look at one another, and receiving the attentions of the seconds. On renewing sparring, both were very cautious; but meeting, very good counters were exchanged, Hartley getting on the throat with the left; Simon planted on the left eye, and Jack missed his right. This brought on a couple more counters, both getting home on the nose. Simon was short with the left at the head, in consequence of slipping; Hartley got his left on the nose. Hartley, very busy, put the left well on the body, Simon returning "rather warmly" on the nose, drawing blood from the old cut. Hartley got his left three times on the body, Simon only getting on the cheek once with any effect. After pretty sparring, they worked to close quarters, and a good counter took place—Hartley with the left on the body, and Simon a straight one with the left on the left eye, cutting it to the bone, and knocking Hartley down, a yard away, on his beam-end. Time, 40 min.

11 and last. Hartley came up with his left eye fast closing and bleeding from the cut, and his right eye very much discolored. Simon had his right eye much swollen, and was bleeding from the nose and mouth. Simon was the first to lead off, but was short at the body, but succeeded better in his next attempt, getting well on the body. It was now evident that something was amiss, for Hartley stood nearly in the centre of the ring, and as Finighty would not go to him, the seconds attended to their men, and whispered advice. Simon went to Hartley, when they sparred for some time, but again took a look, and were attended to. Hartley had a sup at the brandy bottle. Simon followed suit. They stood for some length of time looking at each other, and although it was patent something was the matter with Hartley's right leg, and that his left eye would soon be gone, Finighty could not be persuaded to persevere. Hartley stood in one spot, evidently fearful of exposing his lameness. Matters remained thus for some time, chaff flying round the ring, until the referee, finding they did not mean business, gave five minutes' time for them to renew the round, and at the expiration of that period, although Finighty had once or twice made up his mind to go a bit closer, he walked back, and nothing came of it; so when the time had expired, the referee decided the battle drawn, and left the ring-side after fifty-five minutes.

REMARKS.

The sudden manner in which these combatants left off fighting and stood looking at each other, startled the spectators, who were by no means choice about the terms in which they expressed their disapprobation. We were equally taken by surprise, having fully made up our minds to witness a model mill, more especially as Finighty was wiping off the lead taken by Hartley at the commencement. As far as the battle was fought, it was contested in the most scientific manner possible, and, beyond Finighty losing his temper, and Hartley getting down upon his knees, there was nothing for anyone to cavil at in the least. Finighty appeared almost unhurt, with the exception of his eyes being slightly swollen and his right hand puffed, and the knock-down blow he administered to Hartley in the tenth round we should have thought would have encouraged him to go on, but, for reasons best known to himself, he would not move a foot to force Hartley to fight. Hartley pursued the same tactics, but for him there is the excuse of having hurt his right leg, which prevented his moving about nimbly, but that, it was evident, was his own fault, and arose, there is no doubt, from the manner in which he got down. To sum up, he may thank his good luck in saving the battle-money through Finighty's want of resolution.

Finighty called upon the stakeholder on January 30, and expressed his willingness to increase the stakes to £50 a side. Hartley, at a later hour, called also, and declined to enter into another engagement, at any rate for the present, in consequence of his lameness.

PRICE VS. PARKINSON.—On Tuesday, Jan. 27, these men again met, pursuant to the decision of the referee, and brought the affair to a satisfactory conclusion. On arriving at the place appointed for the preliminary meeting, Hodge Hill was named as the place of battle, and thither all repaired without loss of time, and fortunately, free from the attentions of the constabulary. After a trip through a beautiful country, the *rendezvous* was reached, and, after some delay in the disrobing of the men, both caps went tumbling in simultaneously, and business was at once commenced. Price, in his anxiety to be at work, left his tights behind him, and had no other alternative but to fight in his trousers.

Round 1. It was somewhat surprising, after the heavy nature of the fighting on the previous day, that the combatants should exhibit so little punishment; for, if we except Posh's left eye, and Parkinson's ribs, it would have been difficult to have known that they had fought so recently. They commenced sparring rather cautiously, when Parkinson, thinking he saw an opening, opened the ball by dashing in the left on the chest, but, quick as lightning, he received his change from Posh's left on the left eye, which set it blinking. Parkinson retaliated on the same spot, Posh countering on the cheek. Parkinson down to avoid.

2. Posh led with a crasher on the mouth, which made his teeth rattle again, and filled his mouth with blood. ("First blood" for Price, thus balancing events with Monday's performance.) Parkinson, nothing daunted, returned somewhat viciously, and got well on the chest. Sparring all over the ring. Both guarded, but feinting and manœuvring cleverly, and evidently a little bothered as to the best way to get on. On nearing, Posh dashed out his left, but was short. At a second attempt, he delivered his right on the coveted spot. Parkinson, however, was not idle in the meantime, as he countered cleverly right and left, but his blows did not appear to be so effective as his opponent's, who was unquestionably the stronger man. Some very hot exchanges followed, when Master Price got the "hug" on, from which Parkinson cleverly freed himself by going down. This was the longest round of all, having lasted 15 min.

3. Parkinson landed cleverly on the left eye, which looked like closing. Price returned on the ribs, and in the close he threw his man heavily, falling on him.

4. On coming from their corners, Parkinson showed a "mouse" on the left eye, and his ribs were very much discolored. Price was the first to commence operations, which he did in a spirited and determined manner, getting his left well on the mouth, receiving lightly on the *os frontis*. Posh again delivered his fire with telling effect on the face with the left, following with a good right-hander on the ribs, when Parkinson, after a few harmless exchanges, went down. Time, exactly 25 min.

5. Both came up slow to time, the last fighting in the previous rounds having somewhat "winded" them. Having recovered, they got well to distance, when they went at it in regular ding-dong style, Posh getting terrifically on the left eye, Parkinson delivering his left on the side of the head, but the blow, lacking steam, did not appear to do much damage. At the finish, Parkinson was forced through the ropes, where both went down, Parkinson under.

6. On getting together, Posh delivered a fine left-hander on the mouth, bringing a rather copious supply of blood. Parkinson was by no means idle, but fought to a close, when a wrestle for the fall ensued, which resulted in Parkinson throwing his man.

7. Parkinson got on the mouth, and was instantly countered on the same spot. They retreated, and, on nearing, both men fought in the most determined manner in all parts of the ring, when, as Parkinson ducked, Posh administered a terrific blow on the back of the neck, and completely drove his man through the ropes, and, in his impetuosity to follow up his advantage, his foot slipped, and his head came in contact with the middle stake. Both men down. Long odds were now offered on Price.

8. A short round. Posh landed a little 'un on the left eye, when Parkinson made a rush at his man, and slipped up, Posh falling over him.

9. Both eager to be at work, countered prettily with the left, Price full on the face. Parkinson, who was fighting an up-hill game very pluckily, got well on the mouth, and fell from the effects of his own blow.

10. Both quick to the call of time; they no sooner got together than they fought with great rapidity to a close, Posh again making good use of his left, when, in the struggle, both were down at the ropes, the fall being a very harmless one.

11. No sooner up than they closed, when both struggled hard for the throw; but, as Jack was as good as his master, both fell together, side by side.

12. This round was almost similar, closing at once, but, in the present case, Parkinson was under, in his own corner.

13. As they were manœuvring and changing positions, Posh dashed in his left, and drove his man to the ropes, following him up and throwing him heavily.

14. This was a well contested round; Parkinson, though getting weak, fought his opponent in a most plucky manner, making a great effort to turn the tables. He planted with great precision on the nose, but the old 'un, not to be shaken off, got quits by delivering his right on the ribs, which made Parkinson stagger; Posh took advantage of it, and got on the "hug," from which Parkinson cleverly effected his escape by going down.

15. Price at once went rattling at his man, and they fought with both hands in the most spirited manner. Parkinson, in trying at the ribs, was short, and slipped down.

16. Very similar to the previous one.

17. Posh was first to time. Parkinson, still "game," took the initiative, and got slightly on the jaw, but did not do much damage. He frequently made similar deliveries, but without much effect. This round was well contested throughout. At the finish, Parkinson made a rush at Posh, who evaded the shot by jumping on one side, and Parkinson came to grief, falling on his face, amidst derisive cheers from the partisans of Price, who at this time offered almost any odds on their man.

18. Both up simultaneously, and commenced with little parleying, the exchanges being very hot on both sides. In the finish, Price fought his man down at the ropes.

19. Very much the same as the last.

20. In this bout, Parkinson revived the hopes of his party by coming up stronger. Good exchanges, pretty evenly balanced. In the finish, Parkinson slipped and fell.

21. Another slogging round, Parkinson again down.

22. The moment time was called, Posh rose and walked to his opponent's corner, where some terrific in-fighting ensued. They closed, and Posh threw his man heavily outside the ropes.

23 and last. Parkinson came up very weak; nevertheless, he gamely met his antagonist, but only to be receiver-general, as Posh delivered with impunity, and eventually fought his man down at the ropes. Parkinson was taken to his corner, and advised by his seconds to relinquish the battle, which the game fellow objected to; but his brother, seeing his chance "out," ordered the sponge to be thrown up, which was accordingly done, and thus ended a thoroughly resolute and determined battle. Time occupied by the second day's fighting, exactly one hour.

REMARKS.

Parkinson, although defeated, has gained the admiration of all, and instead of such a reverse detracting from his merit, it has tended to enhance it, and all must be satisfied that he is deserving of the highest praise. It appears that his backers are so well satisfied with his conduct in this, his last engagement, that they are seeking another for him in the same quarter. Of Price it can only be said that he never fought better. By this victory he has won golden opinions, and, as a substantial token, has been presented by his backers with a gold watch and guard. That he is a bruiser in every sense of the term, there cannot be the least doubt, in proof of which it may be mentioned that he has won seventeen battles out of nineteen, the only two lost being with Mace and Goss.

MACE AND AN UNKNOWN.—During the past week, we have been confidentially informed by three different persons, that they have seen and spoken with the Unknown, but as each has named a different champion, it is not impossible that there may be "six Richmonds in the field." The men named to us were Joe Coburn, a well-known American pug, the big black brought out by Nat Langham two years back, and the steward of an American packet, who stands at least six feet in height, and weighs some fourteen stone, whose name we have not heard. It has been also rumored that the great mysterious one will turn out after all to be Tom King again; but this Tom denies, although he says Mace must not consider himself quite safe from him yet, supposing he should pull through his present match. Mace, hearing the rumors as to King, called on us, and offered to give King £50 out of his own pocket should this turn out to be true. It yet wants two months to the day named for the disclosure of the secret, but we shall not be surprised should it ooze out before.—*Bell's Life, Feb.* 1.

PRIZE FIGHTERS IN TROUBLE.—Before a full bench of magistrates, at the Bridgenorth Petty Sessions, on Saturday, Jan. 17, the following members of the P.R. appeared to answer to the charge of aiding and abetting at the late fight between Mick the Grecian and Hicken of Wolverhampton: Joseph Goss (now matched with Mace,) Bob Brettle, Mick the Grecian, Hicken, John Webley (Goss' principal backer,) John Bawen, Wm. Boston, Wm. Maddox, and Charley Barocloff. Mr. Walker, solicitor of Wolverhampton, defended them, and in an able address vindicated prize fighting as a national sport, which was supported by the bravest and best of the land. Superintendent Williams produced some sporting newspapers to show that the principals were fighting for money. The chairman, Mr. Wyld Brown, said that they were determined to put a stop to prizefighting, and bu for the good conduct of Goss towards the police, he would have committed them one and all to Shrewsbury Jail. Mick the Grecian and Hicken were then bound over in two sureties of £25 each, and themselves in £50 each, and others in £10 each, in their own recognisances, and 12s 6d costs, with the exception of Goss.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOUR MILES' WALKING MATCH.—The match to walk four miles, for £25 a side, between W. Hatley of the City and J. Miles of Brixton, the latter giving 200 yards' start, came off on Monday, Jan. 19, at Hackney Wick, in the presence of nearly a thousand spectators; and although the men had contended in two previous matches, the interest and speculation on this occasion appeared greater than ever. It must be remembered that on the 17th of Nov. last, they walked two miles, for £25 a side, Hatley receiving 200 yards' start, and he won easily. On Jan. 5 they again walked two miles level, for £25 a side, and Hatley again won very easily; and the present match being on, and some money down, Miles' backers went on staking up for this match, but without the remotest chance of winning, bar accident, for Hatley is a clipper. Both men (who have not been out of training for some time) appeared on the ground a little before four o'clock, and although Hatley looked in fine condition, it was evident to competent judges he required rest, for his skin looked dry and harsh. Miles, in our opinion, was full a stone below his proper weight. He also looked dry, thin, and care-worn, and his severe undertakings are evidently telling tales upon him. At four o'clock, the preliminaries having been satisfactorily adjusted, the men stripped for action. Betting was 2 to 1 on Hatley. At the report of a pistol, they went to work in right good earnest for 200 yards, when Hatley allowed Miles to commence gaining ground remarkably fast upon him, when 6 to 4 was freely taken Miles would win. The race can easily be described. In the first mile, Miles had gained upon Hatley 155 yards, and when they had walked a little over two miles and a half, Miles took the lead, but only by sufferance. Betting was now 5 to 4 on Miles, which was freely accepted. The latter continued the lead, until they had covered about three miles and a half of the distance, when Hatley put the steam on, and easily obtained the lead, was never again headed, and walked in an easy winner by fifty yards, completing the distance in 31m 19s.

THE SHOWMAN AND THE GIANTESS.—Showmen should take warning how they enter into engagements with giantesses, from the following judgment that fell on a poor Count in France, who has been exhibiting his wife as a wonder on account of her corpulency, 'bigness,' etc. It appears that the Nantes Tribunal of Commerce has just given judgment in an action by a Mdme. Fouille against Count de Rouil, to recover 500f. for breach of contract, under the following curious circumstances:—Notwithstanding his aristocratic rank, to which it appears he is by birth entitled, the defendant has for some time past been traveling the country in a caravan, exhibiting his countess, popularly known as La Bell Normande, in the character of a giantess. While recently exhibiting at Nantes, the countess suddenly resolved to retire from public life, but the count, unwilling to relinquish so lucrative a business, determined to find another phenomenon of the same kind, and after some time discovered what he wanted in the person of a widow named Fouille, a dealer in second-hand clothes, at Saumur. A bargain was concluded and duly signed, by which the widow, a woman of huge size, engaged to act in the threefold capacity of servant, *dame de compagnie*, and giantess, for a salary of 150f. per month, and one-fourth part of the sums collected from the spectators after the exhibition in the caravan. She was also bound never to go out of the caravan, except very early in the morning, or after dark at night. The agreement likewise contained a clause by which each of the contracting parties would incur a forfeit of 500f. in case of not fulfilling its conditions. The widow was duly installed in the caravan, but, owing to some difficulties raised by the countess, she was discharged before appearing in her public character, and she in consequence sued the count for the amount of the stipulated forfeit. The defendant alleged as his reason for discharging the plaintiff that she was an indifferent cook; but the Tribunal—considering that cooking was not the principal object of her engagement, as was evident from the high salary promised, and that she had not failed as a giantess—decided that she was entitled to the forfeit, and condemned the defendant to pay the 500f., with costs of suit. Alas! poor count; the fat woman "cooked his goose," if she couldn't cook anything else.

DEATH OF WHITE VELVET.—The British *Court Journal* announces the death of a celebrated little animal. "White Velvet has just paid the penalty of nature at the age of 47. White Velvet was a pony that our Queen, when a child, used to ride, and was the first she ever mounted. Poor White Velvet, from the stables of the late Duchess of Kent, became one of Astley's great attractions, where he remained many years, till an accident caused him to become lame. He was then sold to a Richmond (Yorkshire) baker, when he was harnessed to a cart that contained the bread for distant customers. This work he continued to do so long, that White Velvet became well known all round the neighborhood; and finally, a Yorkshire squire, with a fine estate close to Richmond, in sheer pity, bought him, and turned him out in a field, and there left him to enjoy the remainder of his eventful life in peace and comfort."

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 363.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Boston has been taken by the Rebs—in a horn. Well, if it has not, the Athenians are so completely taken up with the "Magic Horn," as produced by Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, that they will not listen to its withdrawal. Lon Morris is most excellent in *le menage* of ye Opera House, and puts to blush our Academic folks by sly hits at their manners and customs—with this single exception, that his opera is a hit, while the New Yorko Italiano folks come in generally a miss. An afternoon matinee is given every Saturday.

The great band known as Sam Sharpley's "Iron Clads"—minstrels and brass band—have great cause for rejoicing, for they carry all before them. The "Monitors" ran into Rochester on the 16th, and crammed Corinthian Hall to its utmost capacity. It is said that the Corinthian was never so packed before. Mr. Sharpley had to stop selling tickets at twenty minutes before 8 o'clock. The second night their business was almost as good. Ye "Iron Clads" next made for Buffalo, where they appeared on the 18th, at St. James's Hall, to nearly $400, the most money ever taken in at that place by any troupe. The Buffaloes had heard of ye gentle Monitors, hance ye Monitors had a herd of Buffaloes to welcome them to their city. They remained in Buffalo a few evenings, and then left for Canada, where they open at Hamilton on the 23d, closing on the 24th, and then make for Toronto, finishing out the week there. One of the Buffalo papers, in alluding to Sam Sharpley's appearance in that city, says: "St. James's Hall was completely filled last evening, on the occasion of the first concert of the celebrated Sam Sharpley's Minstrels. The music was of the first order, the colloquial interludes were witty and free of offence, and afforded the highest gratification. 'Sam' himself is a host, and can, without doubt, count on good houses during his stay here." We can recommend this great band to our Canadian friends as one of the best ever organized in the States.

After playing to good houses for three nights in Troy, Duprez and Green's Minstrels left for Albany. At Troy, on the 16th, there was quite a jam to see the nigs' presentation of a silver goblet and tin cup, the former to the handsomest lady, and the latter to the ugliest man in the audience. Harry Hapgood, "Ned Nutting," our correspondent, and three other gentlemen, were the committee to pick out the choice beauties. The lady selected was considerably embarrassed, and refused point blank to accept the goblet, although she was fairly entitled to it. A. B. Hayes, better known as Judge Hays, the city bill spotter, was most deservedly presented with the tin cup. "Ned," speaks in favorable terms of the performances of the Duprez & Green troupe.

Rumsey's Minstrels have been doing first rate among the Trojans, and Rumsey's old banjo is pronounced a "hummer," and Brock's violin, they think, takes down all the pie-Brocks ever tooted.

The reports reaching us of Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels's success in Chicago, are very flattering. We are glad of it, and may success continue to attend them.

MUSIC HALLS.

The Kathleen O'Neil Troupe have had possession of Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, for the past week. J. S. Maffit, W. H. Bartholomew, and M. A. Ward, are with this troupe. They next wheel into line for Wheeling, we understand.

The people of Pittsburgh have reason to congratulate themselves on having an enterprising manager in the person of William M. Allen, who opens the Melodeon there on the 28th inst., with an entirely new company. Talent is being sought for by him. Address as instructed by his advertisement in this issue.

The immense Continental, with its immense company, had another immense audience on Saturday evening, 21st inst. We do not know of anything to prevent the manager from making a fortune here, if he continues to manage the business as he has so creditably commenced. The great New York card, Tony Pastor, is on the bills this week, and with such adjuncts as M'lle Helene, Ernestine de Faiber, Kitty Blanchard, Julia Price, John Mulligan, Mike McKenna, Denny Gallagher, etc., etc., the combination cannot fail to draw. A farce is also given here, with J. C. Wallace in the principal character.

Mickey Warren, Mike McKenna, and Tom Brookfield, are to dance for a silver goblet at Harry Enoch's benefit, at the Canterbury, Philadelphia, on the 26th inst.

Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, greatly adds to the lively character of Chestnut street. After this neat little hall had been tried by all sorts of managers, and for nearly all sorts of entertainments, Mr. Fox took a lease of the place, and went to work in real earnest. He secured a capital company to start with, and so changed the character of the entertainments formerly given, as to change the audiences in a like manner, and now the Casino can boast of large and respectable audiences. In addition to other attractions, he has a regular band of minstrels, who give a complete entertainment in themselves. W. A. Wray, one of the most versatile performers on the boards, is one of Mr. Fox's latest engagements. Billy Holmes, the comic singer, is also there, together with Fattie Stewart, J. W. Ward—on the slack rope—Josephine Bernard, Louisa Payne, Paul Berger, Johnny Mack, and a host of other singers and dancers. Matinees are given at this house every Saturday afternoon. The business at the Casino continues excellent.

At the Varieties, St. Louis, trade and traffic has been flourishing, and "Copernicus," in his issue of the 18th, further says:—"Mr. Purdy has drawn houses 'as in days of yore.' This week we have 'Buy-it-dear, it's Made of Cashmere' (Bayadere, the Maid of Cashmere). To-morrow night, Mr. Reeves has the privilege of 'shining forth' as 'Ginger Blue,' in 'Virginny Mummy'.....At the Melodeon they manage to 'float with the tide.' Last night there was a masquerade ball. Next week there is another at this place of amusement.....The Bowery 'flourishes.' Last Saturday night the match between Ross and the Mason came off. It was finally decided by the judges, that Hank the Mason was the best 'Jigger.' I have heard nothing about Hank getting the $400, though.

They are having fun at the Canterbury, Wilmington, Del. Admission only five cents. Cheap enough. On the 19th, Billy Holmes, at his benefit, was presented with a gold-head cane, worth $25, by his Wilmington friends. Not bad to take.

The two clog dancers, Dick Sands and Tim Hayes, have created quite a sensation at the Varieties, Washington, D. C. They are dancing there together, and each receives a full share of applause. It is hard to determine which has the best of it.

The Canterbury, Washington, is doing well. Misses Mortimer and Pennoyer, in their new act, "The Gipsy Lay," look and dress charmingly. Eagan and Willis give a very ludicrous burlesque of it. Edeson, the stage manager, has been playing "Barney the Baron" during the past week. The Court of Beauty is immense at this house, including M'lles Augusta and Marie, Misses Allen, Brandon, Rivers, etc., and M'lles Jennie and Ella. Mons. Szollosy, the ballet master, commenced on the 19th. "The Magic Barrel, or the Fairy of the Fountain," is the next show piece, to be produced with new scenery, dresses, etc., so the bills say. The weather has been very soft in Washington, with a mixture of snow, slosh, rain and mud.

Harry Enochs is up for a benefit at the Canterbury, Philadelphia, on the 26th. He offers a good bill, and there is every promise of a crowded house.

Miss Nelly Richings, a young and beautiful lady, and pronounced an accomplished vocalist, makes her first appearance in public at the Varieties, Washington, on the 23d. According to those who have seen and heard the lady, a great success is predicted for her. We shall be happy to learn that those predictions have been fulfilled.

We have not heard anything further about the breaking up of the music halls in Philadelphia. The legislature had better attend to matters of more importance, for if they destroy the music halls, they will but open the way for such places as line the "underground" of Broadway, New-York, and which are really of no benefit to any community. Let the music halls alone. They afford cheap entertainments for those who are unable to attend performances of a higher order, and give employment to hundreds of persons, who, without such places, would be deprived of the means of getting a decent living.

Jennie Engel, who first came into notice at Laura Keene's Theatre, and afterwards, more prominently, at American Music Hall, New-York, appeared last week at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore. She has a pretty face and figure, sings acceptably, and is always a welcome visitor to the *habitues* of the concert saloons. Miss Tillie Forbes also appeared; likewise, Geo. Winship.

The Sisters Ida and Rosa Duval, after a lengthy and prosperous sojourn in the west, have returned home to Philadelphia. See advertisement.

An establishment devoted to music hall performances was opened in Dubuque, Iowa, on the 9th inst. It is the first place of the kind ever opened there. The proprietor is Johnny Sigerson, late proprietor of the Melodeon in Milwaukee. He is said to be pretty well posted in the show business. Among the people engaged by him is Miss Marion Hinckley, the beautiful songstress, late of the St. Louis Melodeon, and several other good artists.

Miss Victoria Howard, vocalist, from St. Louis, joined the company at Head Quarters, Philadelphia, last week. Miss Hattie St. Clair also appeared there. Bill Bloomer, Rhody Maguire, Bob Sheppard, Bob Hall, and "Professor Anderson" are among the regulars here.

A lively little affair is said to have eventuated at one of the concert saloons in Washington, D. C., on the evening of the 14th. In alluding to the affair, a correspondent says that "ye gentle manager, as boss over all, labored under the delusion that he could go wherever he pleased about the establishment. Now, it happened that the wife of one of the employees was dressing at the time ye gentle manager entered the presence; whereupon, she not being in fitting costume to receive company, quietly ordered him to walk off, which ye gentle boss refused to do; thereupon ye indignant, and, I may say, infuriated husband of ye ladye faire, brought his left in contact with ye nose of ye intruder, knocking him down some steps, and so disfiguring his mug that he was unable to come to time again that evening to receive the congratulations and ticket money of his sympathising brethren. Out of respect for ye family of ye partie offending, I withhold all names, hoping no repetition of ye scene will be acted."

CIRCUSES.

C. Williams, the American tumbler, la perche, and ring performer, and George Mankin, balancer, etc., will be disengaged on March 20, after which time they would like to throw themselves around and show their agility generally, for any manager desiring their services. See their advertisement. Talking of agility reminds us of the time when we were young and had no sense, when the flitting of crinoline would attract our gaze instantly. We were taking a stroll through fields owned by some antique individual born before gates were invented, for the only way to trespass on his land was to vault or climb the rail fences. Well, as we were strolling along, we espied a bevy of fair ones taking a walk with their mamma, one of whom, tired of the tedious method of climbing, (did you ever see a feminine climbing a fence, dear reader? We have, and cows, too,) seeing a part of the fence lower than the remainder, thought she would take a jump at all hazards, and she did, and "Oh!" (ring down the curtain) she exclaimed, "did you see my agility, mother?" We thought we did, for it was a strange sight to us, a something we had not seen before. What is agility, any way? That gal would have been very attractive in a circus, and was evidently a lady of excellent parts.

Circus managers that may be organizing for the coming season, will be pleased to learn that Sam Lathrop, the original Kentucky clown, stump orator, etc., offers his services to the highest bidder. A great bargain. Fo fo fo fo fo fo fi fi fi fi fi fi zig zig zig zig zig zig. Going! going! be quick or you lose him. Gone! What's the name? Cash. Cash gets him, take him along. Sam's address will be found in his advertisement within.

Nixon's Circus, in Alexandria, Va., has had lively times of late, owing to the advent of a large number of troops in that place, most of whom had just then been paid off. Not only have the evening performances attracted very large audiences, but the afternoon exhibitions have likewise done well. Billy Kincaide and Eaton Stone are among the prominent cards.

W. Pridham, California circus agent, is on his way back to San Francisco. He came here to engage talent for Mr. Lea, but after his arrival he received a telegraphic dispatch that Lea had bought out Wilson's circus, and it therefore became unnecessary for him to engage other people. He took with him the giantess, before alluded to by us.

Wm. C. Preston, an old showman, and formerly with North, Stickney and Jones, John Robinson, Spalding and Rogers, Dan Rice, and others, as advertising agent, we believe, died at Memphis, so we are reliably informed, on the 9th inst. His residence was in Louisville, where he had a great many friends, who will sincerely mourn his decease.

Some big men are wanted to pull off their coats and roll up their sleeves in the British Provinces, as will be seen by Mr. Wheeler's advertisement in these columns. Wonder what he wants with twenty 225-pounders? We should like to see Wheeler wheel them into line for a fight, just once.

Bob Miles' horse did really "kick the bucket," we are informed, and he is now training a beautiful black and white horse called Crescent, and Miss Menken is to have the honor of introducing Sir Equus (we don't know whether it is a he cuss or not) to the public.

The equestrian spectacle of "Mazeppa" is announced for this evening, 23d inst., at Gardner & Hemmings' Amphitheatre, Philadelphia, with the following cast:—The Castillan, Mr. F. Whittaker; Premislaus, J. Holmes; Drolinsko, Dan Gardner; Olinska, M'lle Virginia; Zemila, Mrs. Gardner; Mazeppa, John Foster; Abder Khan, Tom King; Zemba, R. Hemmings; Kadrac, W. Hill; Kascar, G. King; Wild Tartar Steed, by the horse McClellan. Tom King met with an accident last week, and was unable to perform his great leaps, as announced.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss M. A. Fielding has leased Sanford's Opera House, in Harrisburg, for the spring season, and will give her opening entertainment on Wednesday evening, March 4th. Novelty will be the order with the manageress, and a varied style of performances given, calculated to please the tastes of a mixed population, like that of the capital of Pennsylvania. Artists wishing engagements will please read the lady's advertisement in our advertising department.

A Sunday night concert was given by Grau's opera company, in Boston, on the 15th, but the sacred dodge would not go down, and the affair was not a success.

McEvoy's "Tour in Ireland" has closed in Boston, and gone to Charlestown and neighboring towns.

Mr. Winchell, the well known humorist, died at Lafayette, on the 18th inst., after a short illness.

Jerome Blitz leaves the west shortly, and roams eastward, *via* Toronto, C. W.

Harry Gilbert, with a company of ten pantomimists, appear at the National, Cincinnati, on March 9. Mdlle. Sophie and Mons. Baptistain are the leading attractions. They alternate between Cincinnati and Louisville for the next three months.

Goodwin & Wilder's Polymorama of the War continues to draw crowded houses at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati. It is generally conceded to be one of the best exhibitions of the kind ever exhibited. Matinees have also been given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Captain Williams is sailing along in Baltimore with his "South Sea Whaleman," an exhibition of scenes in the life of those who go down to the sea in ships, after whales.

The Peak Family of Bell Ringers opened in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 14th, to a full house. The juveniles afforded a good deal of amusement, especially Master Frank, who has considerable of the comic element in his composition.

After playing to excellent business in Syracuse, New York, for the Mechanics' Fair Association, the Holman National Opera Troupe left Utica, where they are engaged by the same association to give fourteen performances. They have attracted splendid houses, the pressure being so great on some occasions as to create a rather uncomfortable squeeze for the ladies, and several of them were carried fainting from the hall. They open with Manager Myers, in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 2d of March, and will play in all the cities in his circuit. Those who wish to engage the services of this troupe for the summer season, are referred to the manager's advertisement in another column.

Dearborn Street Opera House, situated at Nos. 115 and 117 Dearborn street, Chicago, is for sale. Its capacity, location, and adaptation for concerts, etc., are so well known, that, we doubt not, a purchaser with the requisite number of greenbacks will soon be found. See advertisement.

A party of Old Folks, from Centralia, gave concerts at the Cairo, Ill., Theatre on the evenings of the 12th and 13th inst., which were largely and fashionably attended.

Madame Julia Melville, with her little troupe of Melvilles, have been doing well at the smaller towns and "little villes" in Pennsylvania. They were at Wellsboro and Troy, Pa., on the 14th and 16th respectively, where their parlor entertainments were well received. Harrisburg was a point aimed at in the future.

A candy stand, much sought for by young people; a candy wagon, very convenient for toting around the sweets of life; a small Polymorama of the War—a chance for the Government, as it needs more rams to ram the rebel rams; a fine Circus Band Wagon, a good thing for any Sir Cuss feller to swear by; forty wax heads of noted individuals to be sold cheap; ours is not among them, or a higher price would be asked; and a large glass steam engine, big enough to satisfy any one that wishes to engage in blowing; highly recommended to stay-at-home-fighting politicians, for sale at a bargain. See Goodwin & Wilder's advertisement.

The clever troupe known as the Alleghanians, are moving along in good order, according to the programme mapped out for them by their advance or go-ahead agent. They were last in old "K-y, ke," rhyming and chiming "to the tintinnabulations of the bells," and the amusement of the belles. This company now includes the names of Miss Lizzie Baker, soprano; Miss Maria Boulard, contralto; Mr. G. Galloway, tenor; J. M. Boulard, basso; W. T. Bassford, pianist; and the good-looking agent, D. G. Waldron. When the Alleghanians were at Honolulu, they received some very flattering notices from the press there. Among other good things said of them was the following:—"O ka Mele Beritania kekahi, a o ka Mele Kolomabia no hoi kekahi!" all of which we piously endorse.

Here's another jaw breaker—"Prestipedestrioptimism." It is in some way connected with the foot races which have recently taken place at Mr. English's National Theatre, Boston. See if you can pronounce it without dislocating your jaw.

There is a mystery attending the feats of some jugglers in the Eastern portion of the globe which cannot be unraveled; but lately, some equally expert jugglers have been unearthed in New Mexico. In a letter from Fort Wingate, at the head waters of the Rio Gallo, in the Navajoe country, nearly a hundred miles west of the Rio Grande, the writer alludes to friendly Indians that visit the fort, and who dance, sing, and amuse Uncle Sam's soldiers in a variety of ways. He says—"Some of the juggling feats of this tribe of Indians will compare favorably with those related of the Arabs. One, for instance, is performed in the following manner:—The medicine man, or juggler, shows you a few grains of common Indian corn. You are called upon to witness the planting or burial of the corn in the ground, which is now frozen stiff, and of course not supposed to be exactly in condition for growing maize. But watch the juggler. After the planting, the performer, enveloped in his blanket, bends over the little hillock for a moment, chanting in a monotonous voice, some grand incantation in the Indian tongue, and then suddenly gliding from the spot, lo, and behold! the growing corn plant is seen springing as if by magic—and it is magic—out of the cold clay. Another chant in the same dull, unvarying tone, and the corn is in bloom; and yet another chant, and you are invited to pluck and eat, if you have the appetite for that which seems to have sprung from the seeds planted below, of ripened green corn. This in the dead of winter. Nor is this any more surprising than many more of the tricks these same men perform. I merely particularize this one as being easier of description than some of those of greater complication."

Alexander Galt, the young Virginia sculptor, died recently in Richmond, of small-pox. His latest work was a bas-relief, in plaster, of Stonewall Jackson.

A trio of young ladies, called the Duranci sisters, gave a very successful concert in Philadelphia, on the 17th inst. With the exception of a slight nervousness, they appeared and sang to great advantage; they were favorably received, and their songs, etc., met with well-merited applause.

Mason Jones is down for two talks in Philadelphia, one on the 26th, and the other on the 28th.

We have received card photographs of the following named parties since our last notice of acknowledgement:—Adah Isaacs Menken, in various characters; Miss Kate Reignolds; Shirley H. France; Edwin Holmes; Col. Wm. Ellinger, Miss Ellinger, Col. Small, and Commodore Foot; Fernando Flory; W. H. Riley; Prof. Siddons; Fanny Siddons; Rollande brothers; M'lle Josefina Chiarini; Master Pape; Miss Carreno; Jennie Hight; Ned Nutting; John Dillon; Mrs. Lizzie Parker, Miss Maria Boulard, J. M. Boulard, J. Galloway, W. J. Bassford, and D. G. Waldron, of the Alleghanians; Col. Lum Smith; F. Gilbert; Kate Fisher; Sherry Corbyn; Ainsley Scott and Wash Norton; for all of which we hereby tender our thanks.

Miss Agnes Sutherland's sweet vocalization, at the New Tremont Theatre, appears to have charmed the ears of the Bostonians to a great degree, and they consider her a charming "bonnie lassie." Being a native of Scotland, she sings the favorite ballads of that country very sweetly and naturally. Managers will see her card elsewhere.

Gottschalk and Patti vocalised in Troy, N. Y., at Herman Hall, on the 23d.

For Foreign Theatricals, See Page 362.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,
NEIL BRYANT, S. C. CAMPBELL,
W. W. NEWCOMB, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
DAVE REED, ROLLIN HOWARD,
W. L. HOBBS, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS, J. MORRISON, MAST. BURNSIDE,
FRANK LESLIE, DAN EMMETT, LITTLE MAC.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 43-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS, R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL, J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT. R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY.
The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
39-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
R. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor.
E. BOWERS.....Director of Amusements.
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director.
Prof. STRAUB.....Instrumental Director.
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 23, and every night during the week.
GREAT SUCCESS OF THE STAR COMPANY.
Hundreds have been unable to gain admittance during the past week, the Opera House having been crowded to its utmost capacity. Since the inauguration of the new improvements the Press and the public have pronounced "our Opera House" the
PALACE OF BEAUTY.
This week,
PETER PIPES;
OR, THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.
TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET HAUNTED HOUSE;
LA PERCHE DE FLOUNDER.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3.
Doors open at 6½: to commence at 7¼. 46-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23,
Second week of the engagement of that popular young American Tragedian,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.
GRAND SUCCESS OF THE NEW DRAMA.
POWERFUL DEMONSTRATION BY A CROWDED AUDIENCE.
The ENTIRELY NEW and Powerful Drama, in three parts, replete in all the details of New Scenery, Machinery, Appointments, &c., &c., by J. F. POOLE, Esq., entitled
EDGEWORTH BESS;
OR, JACK AND HIS BRIDE,
Being another episode in the wonderful history of the notorious
JACK SHEPPARD,
Embracing numerous incidents in the
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THIS CELEBRATED HOUSEBREAKER
and his Pal Blueskin.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.....as.....Jack Sheppard.
MR. J. W. LINGARD.....as.....Blueskin.
MRS. W. G. JONES.....as.....Edgeworth Bess.
The National Drama of
THE MILLER OF NEW JERSEY.
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.....as.....General Washington.
MR. AND MRS. PETER WHITE. 46-

CERT HALLS.—For the benefit and welfare generally of the above named profession, I sincerely feel it my duty to warn Managers against one J. H. Campbell, Ethiopian Comedian and Bone Player, (formerly a member of Duprez & Green's Minstrels,) who has acted unprincipled with me by breaking his engagement and leaving my troupe at Schenectady, on the 20th inst., without any cause or reason whatsoever, and furthermore, without giving me a moment's notice, especially at the time when his services were needed the most. He was engaged for the season at $15 per week and expenses. He has been connected with us about three months, during which time every member of the company will testify that I have treated him kindly and gentlemanly, and have done more by him than I had agreed to do, as I repeatedly advanced him money when actually in need. I voluntarily gave him a benefit in New Orleans, at the Academy of Music, last January, which was the means of placing a very liberal amount of dollars in his pocket; and to-day, for all these favors, the said J. H. Campbell injures me several hundreds of dollars by leaving me at this particular time. First, injury by a heavy order of printing I have just had done at Clarry & Reilly's, also at Purcell & Dutton's, New York, with the said Campbell's name attached flourishing over large life-size cuts. Secondly, by being advertised to appear with us in six different places, announced very extensively by programmes and posters; and thirdly, by not having at present a man to fill his position, just at the eve of opening in Montreal for two weeks. Therefore, in justice to myself, and for the future benefit of Managers, I would say beware of one J. H. Campbell.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager of Duprez & Green's
46-2t* New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels.

CARD TO MANAGERS OF PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.—The following talented artists are under written engagements with George Lea, proprietor of LEA'S MELODEON, Baltimore, and formerly lessee of the NEW YORK MELODEON, and OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, to perform at any respectable place of amusement in the United States; each one of whom stands without a rival in the profession, and are universally acknowledged by the press and the public as the ne plus ultra in their various lines of business:
SIGNOR BLISS,
The Great Antipodean Pedestrian, who walks the ceiling head downward—the only performer now living who executes this wonderful feat—together with his son, YOUNG AMERICA, in their various gymnastic acts.
JOHN MULLIGAN,
The most popular Ethiopian Delineator of the day. A sure card for enterprising managers.
ANDREW LEAVITT,
Banjo Soloist of all the most popular Negro Songs and Sketches of the day. MULLIGAN and LEAVITT combined, form a very attractive feature in an entertainment.
MISS JENNIE ENGLE,
The handsomest woman on the American stage, and, as a vocalist, by far the most pleasing and attractive of any lady now singing in concert halls or theatres.
BILLY CAVANAGH,
The best Irish Vocalist in America. His songs are entirely new, composed on the topics of the day, and sung only by himself.
The above performers are all Stars, and will be engaged to managers, either individually or as a combination, at a reasonable salary. All communications in reference to the above performers must be addressed to GEORGE LEA,
Melodeon, Baltimore, Md.
N. B.—Stars wishing engagements by the year can obtain good salaries by applying as above, and save themselves the trouble of looking after engagements. 46-2t

FOSTER STAR TROUPE OF PANTOMIMISTS, of unquestionable talent, is prepared to negotiate with Managers for the Production of Original Spectacles, Gorgeous Pantomimes, Ballets, Serio and Comic Dancing, Carnivals, Tableaux, Acrobatic Feats, &c., &c. The troupe furnish Wardrobes, Hand Tricks, Music, Portable Properties, &c. The whole can be produced in a simple or elaborate manner under the immediate direction of their suthor, J. C. FOSTER. For full particulars address CHARLES T. PARSLOE, Dramatic Agent, Box 2414 P. O., New York. 46-1t*

MELODEON, PITTSBURG, Pa.—This house is the largest and most complete Concert Hall in Pittsburg, and will be opened by WM. M. ALLEN for the Season, Saturday, Feb. 28th, with an entire new company. Performers of talent wishing engagements, will address as above. Open every night except Sunday. None but first class artists need apply. WM. M. ALLEN,
46-1t* Sole Lessee and Manager.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN C. HEENAN in citizens dress, and fighting costume, 25 cents each, and sent post paid by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 46-1t*

WANTED—(To travel through the British Provinces,) 20 good Canvass Men, weighing from 200 to 225 lbs each. Men of great muscular power, who are willing to fight, and are capable of defending the Stars and Stripes on British soil.
46-2t* Address O. S. WHEELER, Boston.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHRATLEY.
First appearance of this season of
MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
The distinguished American Prima Donna,
And the Eminent Artist
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
In Balfe's Great Operatic Spectacle, entitled
SATANELLA; OR, THE POWER OF LOVE,
Produced with entirely new Scenery by J. E. Hayes and J. Selwyn; new Dresses by Mons. Philippe and assistants; new appointments by S. Wallis; novel Mechanical Effects by Bunyon & Demilt; full Chorus and Augmented Orchestra, under the direction Mr. HARVEY B. DODWORTH; and a Grand Ballet, with
MLLE. ANNETTI GALETTI,
The most perfect Danseuse of the day.
Mons. MARZETTI, Mad. MARZETTI, Mlle. KATRINE,
AND A FULL CORPS.
MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 23, and every evening till further notice, will be performed, for the first time in New York, a new Romantic Legendary Operatic Spectacle, entitled
SATANELLA;
OR, THE POWER OF LOVE,
Satanella, the Spirit of Beauty.....
Julian, a Demon Page.....} MISS C. RICHINGS.
Arimane, the Master Fiend.....
Hernando, Fabio's Tutor.....Mr. PETER RICHINGS.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manageress.....MISS LAURA KEENE.
Eighth Week of the brilliant Engagement of
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
QUEEN OF COMEDY AND SONG.
Whose inimitable personation of the
FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,
IS NIGHTLY GREETED WITH
GREAT APPLAUSE FROM CROWDED HOUSES!
MR. WALCOT, Sen., as KING LACHROMOSO;
THE ARAB GIANT, as GALIFRON, THE GREAT.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23,
FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.
Queen Lucidora.....MRS. JOHN WOOD
Page Pitchin.....MRS. JOHN WOOD
A Jew Peddler.....MRS. JOHN WOOD
With a powerful cast of Characters, Chorus, and Corps de Ballet. 46

WINTER GARDEN.
Engagement for a limited period of the BEAUTIFUL and most HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED TRAGEDIENNE and COMEDIENNE
MISS MARY PROVOST,
Who will appear on TUESDAY Evening, February 24, as
PARTHENIA, THE GREEK MAIDEN.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 25 and 26, as
NELL GWYNNE, THE ACTRESS,
In
THE KING'S RIVAL.
In rehearsal—MISS PROVOST'S own Translation and Adaptation of the
GREAT PARISIAN SENSATION DRAMA
Entitled
A WIFE'S TRIALS.
Seats secured in advance. 46-1w

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....Mr. J. W. Lingard.
FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 27, 1863.
First benefit of the Comic Pantomimist,
TONY DENIER.
The following gentlemen have kindly volunteered:
MR. WM. M'FARLAND,
The world-renowned Bare Back Rider,
MR. JAMES MELVILLE,
And his three wonderful
AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN.
DELEVANTA BROTHERS, AERIAL GYMNASTS,
FOSTER BROTHERS, PANTOMIMISTS.
A NEW PANTOMIME, THE TRIPES MIRACULUM.
Five Pieces. Singing and Dancing. 46-1t*

MR. CHANFRAU,
THE POPULAR
AMERICAN COMEDIAN,
NEW YORK'S
FAVORITE DRAMATIC SON,
Will shortly appear in a new phase of character added to his already extensive répertoire of parts. Gaylor's very successful Play entitled
OUR
AMERICAN COUSIN
AT HOME.
And will shortly have the honor of appearing in the new world renowned characters of
LORD DUNDREARY,
AND HIS
BROTHER SAM.
"That's the idea."
46-4t "And all that sort of thing, you know."

THE HOLMAN
NATIONAL OPERA TROUPE,
BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL EVERYWHERE.
Now open for Summer Engagements.
SOMNAMBULA, CINDERELLA,
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST,
CHILD OF THE REGIMENT,
THE YOUNG ACTRESS,
MRS. PARTINGTON,
THE OLD CLOCK, &c.
Letters addressed to the CLIPPER Office for
46-3m* GEO. HOLMAN, Proprietor and Manager.

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
R. FOX.....Sole Lessee.
THE STAR OF THE "CASINO" STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.
The Unerring Voice of the Public
PROCLAIMS THAT
FOX'S CASINO, FOX'S CASINO,
Is the most Respectable,
The most Comfortable, and
The most Popular place of Amusement
IN PHILADELPHIA.
"THE COMPANY"
The most Versatile,
The most Talented,
And the Largest,
THAT EVER APPEARED IN ANY MUSIC HALL
In the City.
Whatever is Great in the World of Talent, invariably finds a home at
FOX'S CASINO.
NOTE.—The above popular place of Amusement has now been in the tide of successful operation for upwards of Six Months, under the management of Mr. R. FOX, formerly Proprietor of CANTERBURY HALL, New York, during which period it has earned for itself the name which all other Managers have in vain tried to obtain, viz:
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL OF PHILADELPHIA.
Artists of real merit can find good engagements by applying either personally or by letter. Stars liberally treated with.
CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer and Business Manager. 46-tf

FOR SALE.
TO SHOWMEN AND OTHERS INTERESTED.
The Privilege to run the CANDY STAND inside and outside of Wheeler's International Circus and Modern Arena. Said Stand has the Right of Sale of all Refreshments, also of Tickets and Song Books. Also for sale, the First Right to SIDE SHOW. Said Circus will start from Boston on or about the 25th of April next.
Also, Candy Wagon, with all the appurtenances for carrying on the business, and a two horse Side Show Wagon and Harnesses.
Also, a small Polyorama of the War, in first rate order. Price very low, for cash.
Also, a fine Circus Band Wagon, one of the best in the country, will be sold for less than half its original cost. Cost at Feelding & Brothers, of New York, $1000; will sell it for $400, cash.
Also, 40 Wax Heads of noted individuals; will be sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for city property.
Also, a large Glass Steam Engine in perfect order, and tubes, blowers, &c., &c., being a complete Exhibition, and offers a rare chance to any one wishing to engage in Glass Blowing.
N. B.—None need apply unless they have the cash to pay in advance, and to those we will sell very low.
For terms apply to
GOODWIN & WILDER, 81 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio,
Or WM. G. CROMBIE, No. 1 Warren square, Boston, Mass.
46-tf

SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE,
HARRISBURGH, PA.
The undersigned having leased this magnificent place of Amusement for the Spring and Summer Seasons, begs leave to announce that the opening will take place on
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 4.
Artists of good standing, wishing Engagements, will apply immediately. The Entertainments will comprise every variety in order to present novelty to induce the attendance of the elite and fashion of the city.
M. A. FIELDING, Manager.
46-1t*

TO MANAGERS.—C. WILLIAMS, the American Tumbler, Posturer, La Perche, and Ring Performer; and GEO. MANKIN, the widely celebrated Light and Heavy Ballancer, La Perche, and Imitator, are prepared to negotiate with Circus and Music Hall Managers, on and after the 20th day of March, 1863. Managers desirous to engage this Talent, will address
WILLIAMS & MANKIN, West Winfield, Herkimer county, N. Y.
46-1t*

THE BEST YET! Beautiful Ambrotype Pictures from life, set in fancy metal Frames. 32 designs. Price 50 cts each.
46-4t* EDGAR, MORPHY & Co., 81 Nassau st, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
CHANGE OF TIME.
Doors open at 6½; commence at ¼ to 8 o'clock.
INCREASED ATTRACTION.
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
ONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, and every evening during the week,
A GRAND ARRAY OF COMIC TALENT.
EPH HORN,
CHARLEY FOX,
NELSE SEYMOUR, and
FRANK BROWER,
HAPPY UNCLE TOM, HAMLET, ROBINSON CRUSOE,
SURPRISE PARTY, DEAF AS A POST,
SAMBO'S OPINION, and FLAT FOOT JAKE.
NEW SONGS, by
OL WHITE, HENRY, LOCKWOOD,
ENN; SCHWICARDI, ISAACS BROTHERS,
RATAGUA, HASLAM, LEIS, LEWIS, &c.
Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 46-

AMERICAN THEATRE, 444 BROADWAY.
BROADWAY. 444
444
The most Popular Place of Amusement in the City.
The greatest combination of talented artists in the World.
ENTHUSIASM UNBOUNDED.
A continued succession of triumphs mightly mark the career of the
EXTRAORDINARY HOST OF ARTISTS
ow concentrated at this establishment.
MAMMOTH BILL FOR MONDAY NIGHT.
The whole entertainment so interspersed with varied acts as must please any cast of mind.
MAMMOTH COMBINATIONS,
Eclipsing all former efforts, and settling at once the question, which is that
THE AMERICAN THEATRE
the greatest institution for amusement in the world.
READ THE LIST OF NAMES.
First appearance of
SIGNOR MONTEVERDE,
the great Spanish contortionist. His wonderful aerial poise appears miraculous.
First week of
M'LLE FLORA, M'LLE FLORA,
the accomplished danseuse.
MISS AUGUSTA WALBY,
the artistic dancer from the Western theatres.
CHARLEY WHITE, CHARLEY WHITE,
the Leader of all Negro Comedians, author of all the successful Ethiopian Farces, Burlesques and Extravaganzas of the day.
SILAS BALDWIN,
The great Indian Juggler and Necromancer.
J. WAMBOLD,
The unequalled Banjoist, unrivalled in his imitation of birds.
T. GETTINGS, T. G. RIGGS,
GEORGE WARREN,
F. SHAW,
MASTER TOMMY,
their mirth creating Comicalities and Ethiopian Extravaganzas, Songs, Dances, &c.
MADEMOISELLE LOUISE,
the accomplished lady Drummer and Vocalist.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE
composed of the most finished dancers.
With other prominent performers.
The finest Orchestra in the City, under the leadership of
Professor FERD. VAN OLKER.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager. 46-tf

CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
TONY PASTOR,
The celebrated Comic Singer and Jester.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
BO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
MISS ERNESTINE DE FAIBER,
MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,
MR. J. C. WALLACE,
MISS CLARA BERGER, MR. MIKE McKENNA,
MISS JULIA PRICE, MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS, MR. TOM VANCE,
MISS KATE HUGHES, MR. C. W. PARKER.
MISS KATE HAMILTON, MR. JNO. RITTER,
MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE,
ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER.
ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet..... 25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....37 cts.	Gallery.....10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes....$3 00	Colored Boxes.....25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes....$2 00	Colored Gallery.....15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 40-tf

HART & SIMMONS'S
STAR TROUPE OF MINSTRELS,
CONSISTING OF EIGHTEEN PERFORMERS,
WHO STAND WITHOUT A RIVAL.
"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, endeavor to deserve it."
The care exercised in the selection of every Artist, is a guarantee to the public that every one engaged is a STAR.
UNNPRECEDENTED COMBINATION OF ARTISTS.
CONSOLIDATION IN REALITY
OF
TWO COMPANIES.
THE MODEL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD,
Are now on a tour through the State of New York, on their way West. During the past week they have appeared to immense audiences, who have pronounced their performances truly humorous and side splitting; their language and actions of such a character that none, however fastidious, can possibly be offended, bespeaking Actors of the highest tone and perception.
THEIR SONGS, MELODIES, INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
AND DANCING,
Forming one of the most pleasing Entertainments ever offered, led by
BOB HART, the Quintessence of Fun,
and
LEW SIMMONS, the Unrivalled Banjoist.
SAMUEL COLE, WM. BLAKENEY, J. R. TAYLOR,
J. H. SAVAGE, D. RIST, G. GERMAIN,
J. H. SADLER, WM. BLYTHE, C. SMITH,
G. DROSKIN, F. WELLS, WM. WALTON,
GEO. SMITH, J. CHARLES, HARRY KENTON.
WM. NICHOLS, Treasurer.
Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Advertising Agent. 45-

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:
MISS LOUISA WELLS, MISS CLARA BUTLER,
MISS C. MORLEY, MISS ROSE DE LUCE,
MISS FANNY THOMPSON, MISS MINNIE LANIER,
MLLE ADA LAURENT, MLLE JULIETTE,
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD, MISS FLORENCE WELLS,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD, MLLE FLORA,
MLLE LOUISE WALBY,
EDWARD BERRY, WM. M. REEVE. T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY, GEO. P. JAQUES, NICK FOSTER,
WM. T. DERR, JOHN CONKLIN, P. CONKLIN,
J. BARNEY, J. JEROME, LESLIE MAY,
FRANK STEELE,
A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
31-tf St. Louis, Missouri.

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NEW PLAY OF SEVEN SISTERS!
Having concluded a Brilliant Engagement of three weeks in Cincinnati, at Geo. Woods' Theatre, is now performing at Ellsler's, Columbus. Will appear next at Henderson's, Pittsburg, for three weeks; thence to Louisville, at Geo. Wood's new Theatre; at Indianapolis, April 6th; thence to Cleveland, at Ellsler's Academy of Music; and McVicker's, Chicago. Last Scene newly painted. All business communications and engagements addressed to JOHN HUNTLY, Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Business Agent for JOHN E. McDONOUGH. 45-4t*

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CROWNED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
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MAMMOTH ORGANIZATION AND BRASS BAND.
Return of the far-famed and world wide renowned
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ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
From their late tour to New Orleans and through the Island of Cuba, where they met with unlimited success and were received nightly with roars of laughter and shouts of applause.
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Being the Greatest Combination of Talent ever concentrated in one Company, excelling and far superior to all other Traveling Troupes in existence.
The whole under the control and direction of
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The above popular Troupe will, during the remainder of the season, visit the Western and Eastern States, also the Canadas.
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Each evening previous to opening the Doors,
BY THE UNEQUALLED
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND,
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Manager and General Director,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
Advertising Agent, A. S. PRENTISS. 44-tf

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS!
Composed of the following Talented Artists:—
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This Troupe are now on a Tour, and will visit the principal cities throughout the East and West.
The best Quartette,
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In the Minstrel Profession.
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SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
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SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
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In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
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Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 40-tf

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The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
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Immediately opposite the McLure House,
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The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
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SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
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THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now meeting with
GREAT SUCCESS
In all the Western Cities,
On their route to
ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
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In the ranks of this
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Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
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THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
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POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
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HUGE BILL-BOARDS
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Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
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MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
This distinguished artiste whose thrilling and pathetic rendition of
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has been pronounced both by PRESS AND PUBLIC the most marked success of the present day, will appear as follows:
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Wednesday Eve.. Feb. 25.
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
Thursday, Eve., Feb. 26.
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Saturday Eve., Feb. 28.
And will appear in the two cities for
FOUR CONSECUTIVE WEEKS,
Alternating her performances as above. On
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23d,
She will appear at the
WINTER GARDEN,
In this city. 45-tf

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THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
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Fifth Week of the
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SIGNORA BIANCHI, SIGNOR BIANCHI,
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And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
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AMERICAN STARS,
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LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
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MADAME MARIE MACART, the Celebrated PREMIERE EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS and PANTOMIMIST, who created such a sensation, and achieved unequalled fame in the States a few years since, having fulfilled a series of protracted engagements (with great success,) will shortly re-visit the scenes of her former triumphs in company with Mr. James Cook, the renowned Hibernian Clown, from Astley's, London, and Mr. George Clark, the celebrated Grotesque, from Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool.
MADAME MACART respectfully intimates that she has a repertoire of New and Beautiful Scenes and Acts, adapted for either Ring or Stage, which are well worthy the attention of a discriminating public. Due notice of their arrival will be given. All communications to be addressed to the Pacific Hotel, New York. 43-tf

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Superb Horsemanship by all the great riders,
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GROVER'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON.
MR. AND MRS.
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The Original
IRISH BOY and YANKEE GIRL,
are now in the fifth week of the most
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT
ever fulfilled in the
CITY OF WASHINGTON,
Turning hundreds from the doors nightly unable to obtain admission. 44-tf

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GEO. KUNKLE.....Manager.
Engagement of the Beautiful
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Whose wide range of genius no Artist of the present age can compete with.
She is playing to Crowded Houses. 46-1t*

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THE SCOTTISH NIGHTINGALE,
Is now fulfilling a successful Engagement at the New Tremont Theatre, Boston. Managers wishing to negotiate (after March 9th,) will address 203, Bridge street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Perhaps the strongest impression has been made by the Scotch Vocalist, Miss Agnes Sutherland. The vociferous encore attendant upon her spirited singing of 'The March of the Cameron Men,' on Monday night, was a prelude to instant popularity, and she has been warmly greeted nightly."—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, Feb. 15. 1863. 46-1t*

☞ **DAT'S WHAT'S DE MATTER.** ☜
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Of Dan Bryant and Eph Horn in 21 characters each; price 25 cents single, or 21 for $4. Ada I. Menken, as the French Spy, 6 positions. The Great Cubas, Jas. G. Bennett, of the N. Y. Herald; R. Bonner, of the Ledger; Tom Hyer and The Benicia Boy, the latter in 4 positions. Card Portraits of all the Theatrical, Literary, Diplomatic, and Military Celebrities of the day. Send Stamps for Circular. Address
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J. CONNER, 614½, Broadway.
☞ L. M. Bayless, late of Varieties Detroit; and Sig Constantine, of Varieties, St. Louis; send fees and Manuscript of Don Juan. J. CONNER. 46-1t

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FOR SALE—This valuable Property, now occupied, and possession given when required. It is acknowledged to be the best Music Hall west of New York. Will seat 800, can be extended at small expense to accommodate 1200 to 1400 persons.
Apply to JOHN PARKER, Treasurer,
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SAM LATHROP, Nixon's Circus, Alexandria, Va.
Who speaks first? 46-2t*

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Operatic and Comic Vocalists, having closed their lengthy and prosperous Engagements in the West, have returned home, where, after a short rest, they will be prepared to enter into other Engagements. Address 1025, Federal street,
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NOW OPEN at Smith & Ditson's Hall,
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GOODWIN & WILDER'S
GIGANTIC POLYMORAMA OF THE WAR.
The only legitimate exhibition of the War now travelling, forming a complete epitome of all the thrilling incidents and events connected with the
GREAT REBELLION,
Its route through the Western Cities has, thus far, been a GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH, exhibiting nightly to HOUSES CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING, 43-tf

PEOPLE'S HALL, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of
FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES,
Has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably one thousand persons. For terms, &c., apply to J. M. MARTIN,
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ATHENEUM THEATRE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY—An attractive Female Dancer, if possible, one that can act and sing, for the season, for the Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Theatres. The season is from date to middle of July next.

MUSARD HALL, OSWEGO, N. Y.—This new, large, and commodious hall is now finished and ready for use. It has all modern improvements for lighting, heating, and ventilation. The Stage is large, and conveniently arranged for Theatrical, Concert, or Lecture purposes. As a concert room, it cannot be excelled. Address JOHN A. BARRY,
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N. B.—TWENTY FIVE YOUNG LADIES wanted for the ballet. Those that can dance single dances preferred. 40-tf

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
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MUSICAL, OPERATIC,
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63 East 14th street, corner of 4th Avenue,
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PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
The Spring Season opens March 2d. Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements will address
WM. HENDERSON, Manager.
All the prominent stars appear here in rapid succession. [43-4t

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.
GEO. RAYFIELD.....Lessee and Manager.
The Spring Season at this Theatre commences on APRIL 16, 1863, after the most successful Fall Season ever known in Memphis.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession desirous of Engagements, will address B. R. MAGINLEY,
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EMMA WALLER, The Eminent Tragic Actress, played 12 nights in Chicago, to crowded houses; opened in Louisville, Feb. 9th, and will commence an Engagement in Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 23d. W. COWELL, Agent. 45-2t*

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE AND AMPHITHEATRE, Leicester Square, London, England. The Proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent and novelty suitable to his Mammoth Entertainment. Terms liberal. Apply as above. 45-4t

A NORTH RIVER RELATION.

A LEGEND OF THE HUDSON.

RELATED TO THOMPSON WITH A P, BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

The Mate stood on the steamer's deck,
The Captain had gone to bed—
"Turned in," the sailor's phrase, I think,
As on the steamer sped.

A man stood on the Squeedunk dock,
And wildly waived his hand.
A signal to the passing boat,
That he wanted her to land.

"Ease her, and head her for the shore,"
The mate most loudly roared;
And as the steamer grazed the wharf,
He shouted, "jump, quick, aboard!"

The stranger shook his head, and spoke
In language bold and free,
And to the Mate express'd a wish,
That the Captain he might see.

"The Captain slumbers in his berth,"
The Mate so blandly said,
"But as the chief Mate of this boat,
I'll answer in his stead."

The stranger smiled a ghastly smile,
And to the Mate replied—
"The Captain, sir, by kindred ties,
To me is close allied."

"Is he your Brother?" the Mate enquired,
"You Cousin, Uncle, or what?
Your Father he cannot surely be—
He is too young for that."

The stranger look'd serenely round,
Then spake in accents mild,
"The Captain, sir, the father is,
Of my dear wife's first child."

A CHAPTER ON GIANTS.

For some time past, the chief topic of conversation, aside from the war, has been on dwarfs; and Tom Thumb, Commodores Foote and Nutt, Gen. Small, and *little* Miss Warren and sister, have been all but deified, particularly by the ladies. As we have had a surfeit of that subject, suppose, by way of a change, we take 'old of the other end of the stick a little while, and read a chapter on giants, accordin' to Scripter, and the latest edishun of 'Oile.

It is commonly thought that the stature of man has been the same in all ages; and some have even pretended to demonstrate, mathematically, the impossibility of giants. Dr. Doram observes that, though we read of giants before the flood (Gen. vi, 4th, and more plainly after it, Numb. xiii, 23d,) yet it is highly probable the size of man has been the same from the creation; for as to the Nphilim, Gen. 6th, the ancients differ about them; some taking them for monsters of impiety, atheism, tyranny, &c. As to those in Numb. xiii, who were evidently spoken of as men of gigantic stature, it is probable that the fears of the spies might have added to their bulk.

Be this as it may, it is manifest that, in both these places, giants were spoken of as rarities and wonders of the age, not of the common stature; and such instances we have had in all ages. But it is not improbable that the first men were of a strength and stature superior to those of mankind at present, since they lived a much longer time—long life generally being usually the effect of a strong constitution. There are many fabulous relations, such as we take that to be of Thentobocchus, who is said to have been dug up in the year 1618, and was twenty-six feet in length. And no more real do we suppose the giants to have been, of whom old Magnus gives an account in his fifth book; such as Harthan and Starchater among the men, and among the women were some measuring fifty cubits in length.

But for the more creditable relation of Goliah, whose height was six cubits and a span (Sam. xvii. 3d,) which, according to Bishop Cumberland, is about eleven English feet; of Og, King of Bashan (Dent. iii. 11th,) whose bed was nine cubits long and four wide; of Maximus, the Emperor, who was nine feet high; and others in the reign of Augustus and other Roman Emperors, of about the same height; to which may be added the dimensions of a skeleton dug up at the place of a Roman camp, near St. Albans, by an urn inscribed Marcus Antonius, of which an account is given by Mr. Cheseldon, who judged, by the measurement of the bones, that the subject was nine feet high—these antique examples and relations, we say, may be matched, nay, outdone, by modern ones. Hakewell speaks from names of porters and archers belonging to the Emperor of China, fifteen feet high, and of others from Purchas, ten and twelve feet high.

The existence of a race of men above the common stature, on the coast of Patagonia, in South America, has been a matter of dispute for the last two centuries. In our century, almost all navigators, of every country, affirmed that there were such persons, and in the next, the story is elucidated by the greater number. Garcilasso de la Vega, in his History of Peru, relates that, according to a tradition universally believed, a number of vessels, or junks, came to St. Helena with a company of giants on board, of dimensions so enormous, that the natives of the country were not bigger than their knees; that their eyes were as broad as the bottom of a plate, and their limbs proportionately large.

Turner, the naturalist, reports that he had seen, near the river Plata, on the coast of Brazil, a race of giants who were stark naked, and one of whom was twelve feet high, but he acknowledges that he saw no other as tall. Knivet affirms that he measured several dead bodies, which he found at Port Desire, which were from fourteen to sixteen spans high, and that he had frequently seen, at Brazil, one of the Patagonians, who, though a youth, measured no less than thirteen spans, and that the English prisoners at Brazil assured him that they had seen many of the same gigantic stature on the coast of the Strait. This account is also confirmed by Sebal de Wert; and Oliver de Noort Aris Clasz, a commissary on board Le Macre's fleet, who declares that he found in the sepulchre, on the coast of Patagonia, the bones of men ten and twelve feet high. Nodal, and Sir Richard Hawkins Beverly, relates that these savages were nearly a head taller than the inhabitants of Europe, and of such stature that the people on board their vessels called them giants.

Those who bear testimony to the contrary, are Winter, the Dutch Admiral, Hermite, Froger, in De Genne's narrative, and Sir John Marlborough. Sir Francis Drake is silent with regard to the stature of the Patagonians, but Winter positively affirms the falsehood of these gigantic creations invented by the Spaniards.

Profane historians have given seven feet of height to Hercules, their first hero; and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. A giant shown in Rouen, in 1735, measured eight feet and some inches.

The Emperor Maximilian was of that size. Goropius, a physician of the last century, saw a girl who was ten feet high. Eugene, a Scotchman, in the time of James II., of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half. Chevalier Scory saw, at the Park of Teneriffe, in a sepulchre, the remains of a man who had eighty teeth, and was fifteen feet high.

Roland, a celebrated anatomist, of 1615, saw in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet in height.

It is evident we could go any length in the way of giants, were it desirable to multiply instances of the extraordinary stature nature will sometimes permit a rare specimen of humanity to reach. A bishop at Paris, of the last century, claimed to have discovered a system of dietetics by which he could increase the height and proportion of the human body *ad libitum*, and it is said that the youth upon whom he experimented, and who was not over the ordinary size of other children of the same age, commenced under the bishop's system at seven, and when he arrived at the age of thirteen, had reached the height of eight feet. But at this point the bishop died, and the secret of his system died with him. There is nothing to lament in this loss, for nature has wisely arranged matters, and the ordinary stature of man bears, doubtless, a just proportion to the rest of creation. The armor exhibited in the tower of London, from its great weight, is often cited as a proof of the superior strength of our ancestors. This we take to be very defective evidence, if meant to establish the fact of superior natural endowments. It only proves that the luxurious habits of the present generation are not favorable to the development of the physical powers. If a more uniform system of physical education were established, we are convinced we should meet with fewer deviations from the ordinary style of human manufacture than we do now. Independently, however, of systems of bodily training; climate, soil, and other extraneous causes will always exert a great influence upon the physical condition of man. The giants, as we term them, of our day, are eccentricities of nature, not the result of culture or system, and we strongly suspect the giants of other days were the offspring of the same erratic disposition on the part of our ancient dame. The measurement we get of the tombs and sepulchres of very large men, is no more evidence that there were giants in those days, than the preserved clothes of the renowned Tom Thumb would be proof to generations yet unborn, that the city of New York, in the nineteenth century, was inhabited by a race of pigmies, although we are necessitated to admit we have a great many small men among us.

"DE PEEPLES HAD MELTED AVAY!"—A Dutchman, reading an account of a meeting, came to the words, "The meeting then dissolved." He could not define the meaning of the latter word, so he referred to his dictionary, and felt satisfied. In a few minutes a friend came in, when Houty said: "Dey must have very hot wedder dere in New York. I read an account of a meeting where all de peoples had melted away."

AWFUL!—An amusing incident transpired a few evenings since, at Manchester, New Hampshire, in the Huntington Street Baptist Church, on the occasion of the magic lantern exhibition. The scene of the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea was exhibited, and the small children were asked if they could tell what it represented. One little fellow immediately sung out, "Burnside crossing the Rappahannock!"

THE PARSON NONPLUSSED.—A minister putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, said:—"My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe he has, too," was the reply.

PUTTING SHEETS TO PRESS.

"Is your family opposed to matrimony?" a visitor asked a tow-headed boy, who was swinging on a gate and eating gingerbread.

"Wal, no, I rather guess not, seein' as how my mother has had four husbands, an' stands a pretty smart chance for having another."

"Four husbands! Is it possible?"

"Oh, yes. You see, my mother's christian name was Mehitable Sheets, and dad's name was Jacob Press, an' when they got married, the printers said it was puttin' the sheets to press. When I was born, they said I was the first edition. An' you see, my mother used to be the 'tarnalist critter to go to evenin' meetins. She used to go out late every night, an' dad was afraid I'd get in the same habit, so he used to put me to bed at early candle light, cover me up with a pillar, an' put me to sleep with a boot-jack. Wal, dad had to get up every night and let mother in. If he didn't get down an' open the door pretty darned quick when she cum, he'd ketch particular thunder. So dad used to sleep with his head out of the winder, so's to wake up quick, an' one night he got his head a little too far out, an' he slipped out altogether; an' down dad cum, caflumux, right down on the pavement, an' smashed him in ten thousand pieces!"

"What! was he killed by the fall?"

"Wal, no, not exactly by the fall. I raythor kinder sorter guess as how it was the sudden fetch up on the pavement that killed him. But mam she cum hum an' found him layin' thar, an' she had him swept up together an' put in a coffin, an' had a hole dug in the buryin' ground, and had dad put in an' burried up, an' had a white oak plank put up to his head, an' had it white-washed all over for a tomb-stone."

"So your mother was left a poor lone widow?"

"Wal, yes, but as she didn't mind that much, it wasn't long before she married Sam Hide. You see she married Hide because he was just dad's size, and she wanted him to wear out dad's clothes. The way old Hide used to hide me was a caution to my hide. Hide had a little the toughest hide of any hide except a bull's hide, and the way Hide used to hide away liquor in his hide was a caution to a bull's hide. Wal, one cold day old Hide got his hide so full of whiskey that he pitched head first into a snow-bank, and stuck an' frez to death. So mam had him pulled out an' had him laid out, an' then she had another buryin'-ground, an' had him buried, an' she had another white oak plank put up at his head an' had it white-washed all over, an'—"

"So your mother was again a widow?"

"Oh, yes, but I guess she didn't lay awake long to think about it, for in about three weeks she married John Strong—an' he was about the strongest headed cuss you ever did see. He went a fishin' the other day, an' got drowned, and he was so 'tarnal strong-headed, I'll be darned to darnation if he didn't float right agin the current, an' they found him about three miles up the stream, an' it took three yoke o' cattle to haul him out. Wal, mam had him buried along side o' 'tother two, an had a white oak plank put up at his head, and white-washed all over nice, so there's three on 'em all in a row."

"And your mother was a widow for the third time?"

"Yes, but mam didn't seem to mind it a 'tarnal sight. The next fellow she married was Jacob Hayes, and the way mam does make him haze is a caution, now, I tell ye. If he does anything a little out of the way, mam makes him take a bucket and a white-wash brush, an' go right up to the buryin'-ground an' white-wash the three old planks, jest to let him know what he may come to when she's planted him in the same row, an' got married to the fifth husband. So you see my family aen't a 'tarnal sight opposed to a dose of matrimony."

The visitor thought that she was not, and the conversation dropped.

CUTTING OFF A DOG'S TAIL

AT THE WRONG END.

Abner was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the farm on which his father had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick whenever it was of the least utility; yet when he did play off I tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it happened that one of Abner's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman.

Von Vlom Schlopsh had a dog, as Dutchman often have, and which had, since leaving his "fader lant," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work, as to obtain his dinners from various sheep-folds on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he called over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural manner in the world.

"Well, Von, your dog's been killing my sheep."

"Ya—dat ish bad—he is von goot dog—ya—dat ish very bad."

"Sartin it's bad, and you'll have to stop him."

"Ya—dat ish allas goot—but Ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say—he was nicked? Wal, now, look here, old feller, nickin's no use—crop him—cut the tail close off—chock up to the trunk—that'll cure him."

"Vat is dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a feint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya, dat is goot—dat cure von sheep shteal, eh?"

"Sartin it will—he'll never touch sheep meat again in this world."

"Den come mit me—he von mity goot dog, all de way from Yarmany; Ich no take one five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail. Ich chop him off."

"Sartin, I'll hold his tail if you want me to, but you must cut it up close."

"Ya, dat ish right. Ich make him von goot dog. Here, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep shteal rashkul—Ich chop your tail in one two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a small block of wood.

"Chock up," said Abner, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya, dat ish right. Now, you tief sheep, Ich learns you better luck," and he raised the ax.

It descended, and as it did so, Abner, with characteristic presence of mind, brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over on the other side.

"Wal, I swow," said Abner, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, "that was a leetle too close."

"Mine soul!" exclamed the Dutchman, "you shust cut him off de wrong end."

AN ORIGINAL DUEL.—Old Col. ——, of Wisconsin, was an odd genius, a queer compound of comic seriousness. Replete with jokes, both original and selected, he was not slow in hatching them up and dealing them out in small doses on different occasions.

One evening, at a party of young gentlemen upon one of whom the Col. had told some cutting jokes, feeling himself insulted, he challenged the Colonel to mortal combat.

The challenge was accepted.

Having the choice of weapons, and the appointment of the place of meeting, the Colonel told the young man to repair, the following morning at six o'clock, to a certain spot, and added that he would see that the weapons were there.

The following morning, at the appointed time, the young man repaired to the indicated spot (said spot being among the lead mines, was, naturally, furrowed with miners' holes.)

"Well, youngster," said the Colonel, sticking his hands in his pockets, and ejecting a superfluous quantity of tobacco juice from his capacious mouth, "are you ready?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued:

"Here's where we are to fight," indicating a mineral shaft near by, which was at least sixty feet deep; "and here are our weapons," pointing to a pile of rocks. "You're to go down that are hole and throw rocks up, and I'm to stay up, and throw rocks down."

It is needless to add that the challenge was withdrawn.

GYMNASTICS IN FRANCE.—In France, gymnastics are becoming a national institution, and in the government normal schools regular degrees are given to professors in this art. One of the most celebrated gymnasiums in Paris, for persons of both sexes, is that of M. Thevelin, whose school is attended by the young ladies of the first distinction in Paris. In this respect, indeed, the French seem to understand the maxim put forth by their government, viz.: that to improve their breed of horse-flesh it is necessary to look after the dam as well as the sire—far better as regards the *regeneration de l'homme* than that of the horse; and young ladies are now, almost without exception, put through a course of gymnastics. Thevelin stands first in the class of instruction, and signs himself gymnasiarch of the first rank, by regular diploma of the Government Ecole Normale. His bust, arms, &c., have been drawn by every artist and sculptor of Paris, and exhibit, certainly, a most extraordinary development of muscular power. The other day, in his school, the celebrated surgeon, Nelatin—he who extracted the ball from the ankle of Garibaldi—was examining his foot. Nelatin's admiration knew no bounds, and he pronounced the member to be the most admirably developed specimen of power and elasticity he had ever seen on a human body. Thevalin was weak and almost puny as a child, and owes his present extraordinary powers of limb and coolness of head to steady perseverance in the practice of gymnastics, combined with sober living.

ACROSTIC ON "HOOPS."

C ut off those hoops! O! ladies dear,
R eveal sweet Nature's graces!
I n such a circle don't appear,
N or hide yourself in cases!
O why like "O" should you thus be?
L et me now speak but true,
I 'll tell you, fair ones, candidly,
N o man but he likes "U."
E xcuse the hint—Adieu!

GOOD FOR THE MAIDEN!—We find the following advertisement in an English paper:—"WANTED—By a maiden lady, 'a local habitation and a name.' The real estate she is not particular about, so that the title be good. The name she wishes to hand down to posterity."

COUNTRY LIFE.

FROM THE SCOTCH.

If thou would'st lead a happy life,
Forsake the bustlin' toon;
If thou would'st shun turmoil an' strife,
In country life sit doon.

If thou art nae temptation proof,
An' dread its fatal power,
Frae luring cities stan' aloof,
An' court the cotter's bower.

Fu' mony a rural maid an' son
Hae lost their upricht name,
That gaed tae toon, and hoped tae shun
The blastin' blicht o' fame,

If cities gie a hearty smile,
They tak' a heavy tear,
Then hill-hom'd fouks, if ye fear guile,
Your country life revere.

BLUFF.—The *Cologne Gazette* states that a wealthy tradesman of Berlin, who lately sent two magnificent Paris dresses to a well-known operatic *artiste* in that city, with the intimation that he would call on her to ascertain which dress she would select, received a note, in reply, to the effect that he need not take the trouble of making any inquiries, personal or otherwise, as she was pleased with both dresses, and intended keeping them.

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